The Picture plainly explained, after the manner of the Cheſſe-play.

A Game at Cheſſe is here diſplayde,
Betweene the *Blacke* and *White-Houſe* made,
Wherein Crowne-thirſting Policy,
For the *Blacke-Houſe* (by Falacy)
To the *White-Knight*, checke, often giues,
And, to ſome ſtraites, him thereby driues;
The *Fat-Blacke-Biſhop* help's alſo,
With faithleſſe heart to giue the blow:
Yet (maugre all their craft) at length,
The *White Knight*, with wit-wondrous ſtrength;
And circumſpectiue Prudency,
Giues Check-mate by Diſcouery
To the *Blacke-Knight*; and ſo at laſt
The Game (thus) won, the *Blacke-Houſe* caſt
Into the Bagge, and therein ſhut,
Finde all their plumes and Cockes-combes cut.
Plaine-dealing (thus) by wiſedomes guide,
Defeates the cheates of Craft and Pride.

Prologue.

WHat of the Game, cald Cheſſe-play, can be made
To make a Stage-Play, ſhall this day be plaid.
Firſt, you ſhall ſee the men in order ſet,
States, and their Pawnes, when both the ſides are met:
The Houſes well diſtinguiſh't: In the Game
Some men entrapt, and taken to their ſhame,
Rewarded by their Play: And in the Cloſe
You ſhall ſee Checque-Mate giuen to Vertues Foes.
But the fair'ſt Iewell, that our hopes can decke,
Is, ſo to play our Game, t'auoid your Checke.

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A Game at Chesse as it was Acted nine days together at the Globe

The Black-House | on the banks side | The White-House.

A Game at Cheſse.

The Induction.

Ignatius Loyola appearing.

Error at his feete as aſleepe.

Ignatius.

HA? where? what Angle of the world is this?
That I can neither ſee the politicke face,
Nor with my refined noſtrells taſte the foot-ſteps
Of any of me Diſciples, ſonnes and heires
As well of my deſignes, as inſtitutions,
I thought they'd ſpread ouer the World by this time,
Couered the earths face, and made darke the land,
Like the Egyptian Graſſe-hoppers.
Here's too much light appeares, ſhot from the eyes
Of Truth and Goodneſſe, neuer yet defloured:
Sure they were neuer here, then is their Monarchy
Vnperfect yet: A iuſt reward I ſee
For their ingratitude ſo long to mee,
Their father and founder:
'Tis not fiue yeares ſince I was ſaluted by'em,
Where ſlept my honour all the time before?
Could they be ſo forgetfull to cannonize
Their proſperous Inſtitutor, when they had ſaluted.
They found no roome in all their Kallender
To place my name, that ſhould haue remooued Princes,
Puld the moſt eminent Prelates by the rootes vp,

For my deare comming, to make way for me,
Lets euerie pettie martire, and Saint Homile,
Roch, Main, and Pecronel, itch, and Ague curers,
Your Abbeſſe Alde-gund, and Cuney-gund;
The Widdow Marcell, Perſon *Policary*,
Siſlie and Vrſlie, all take place of me;
And but for the *Biſſextile*, or Leape-yeare;
And that's but one in three, I fall by chance,
Into the nine and twenteth day of *February*:
There were no roome elſe for me; ſee their loue,
Their conſcience too, truſt me a lame Souldier
In-to Leape-yeare: My wrath's vp, and me thinkes
I could with the firſt ſyllable of my name,
Blow vp their Colledges: vp *Error*, awake,
Father of Superogation riſe:
It is *Ignatius* calles thee, *Loyolla*.

Error. What haue you done? oh I could ſleep in ignorance
Immortally, the ſlumber is ſo pleaſing.
I ſaw the braueſt ſetting for a game now,
That euer my eie fixt on.

Igna. Game: what Game?

Error. The nobleſt Game of all, *A Game at Cheſſe*.
Betwixt our ſide, and the *white Houſe*, the men ſet
In their iuſt order, ready to goe to it.

Igna. Were any of my ſonnes plac't for the Game?

Error. Yes: and a daughter too, a ſecular daughter
That plaies the *Blacke Queenes pawne*: he the *Blacke Biſhops*.

Igna. If euer power could ſhew a maſterie in thee,
Let it appeare in this.

Error. 'Tis but a Dreame,
A viſion you muſt thinke.

Igna. I care not what,
So I behold the children of my cunning,
And ſee what ranke they keepe.

Error. You haue your wiſh:
Behold there's the full number of the Game,
Kings and their Pawnes, Queenes, Biſhops, Knights and Dukes.

Igna.

Igna. Dukes they're cald Rookes by ſome.
Error. Corruptiuely:
Le roch, the word cuſtodie de La Roch,
The keeper of the forts in whom both Kings
Repoſe much confidence, and for their truſt ſake,
Courage and worth do well deſerue thoſe titles.
Igna. Thy anſwer's high, ſee my ſon and daughter.
Er. Thoſe are two pawnes the *black Queene*, & *black Biſhops*.
Igna. Pawnes argue but poore ſpirits, and light performents:
Not worthie of the name of my Diſciples:
If I had ſtood ſo nigh I would haue cut
That Biſhops throat, but I'd haue had his place;
And told the Queene a loue tale in her eare,
Would haue made her beſt pulce daunce, there's elixar
Of braine, and ſpirit amongſt em.
Error. Why? would you haue em play againſt themſelues?
That's quite againſt the Game (*Ignatius.*)
Igna. Piſh, I would rule my ſelfe, not obſerue rule.
Err. Why you yould play a game all by your ſelfe.
Igna. I would do any thing to rule alone,
Tis rare to haue the word rulde in by one.
Err. See'em anon, and view em in their play,
Obſerue as in a dance they glide away.
Igna. Oh with what longing will this breſt be toſt,
Vntill I ſee this great Game won and loſt.

A Game at Cheſse.

Actus Prima, Scœna Prima.

Enter from the Blacke-houſe, *the* Blacke Queenes Pawne. *From the* White-houſe, *the* White Queenes Pawne.

Blacke Queenes pawne.

I Neuer ſee that face, but my pitty riſes,
When I behold ſo cleare a Maiſter-peece
Of Heauens arte, wrought out of duſt and aſhes,
In that not ours, but the Daughter of Hereſie:
My ſoule bleeds at mine eyes.

White Q. pawne. Where ſhould truth ſpeak:
If not in ſuch a ſorrow? they're teares plainly:
Beſhrew me if ſhe weepe not hartily?
What is my peace to her to take ſuch paynes in't?
If I wander to loſſe, and with broad eyes
Yet miſſe the path ſhe can runne blind-fold in.
(Through often exerciſe) why ſhould my ouer-ſight,
Though in the game that ere Chriſtian loſt,
Kayſe the leaſt ſpring of pitty in her eye,
Tis doubtleſſe a great charity, and no vertue,
Could winne me ſurer.

Blacke Q. P. Bleſſed things preuaile with't,
If euer goodneſſe made a gracious promiſe,
It is in yonder looke, what little paines
Would build a Fort for vertue to all memory
In that ſweet creature, were the ground-worke firmer.

White Q. P. It has beene all my glory to be firme,
In what I haue profeſt.

Blacke Q. P. That is the enemy

That

That ſteales your ſtrength away, and fights againſt you,
Diſarmes your ſoule, euen in that heate of battle:
Your firmneſſe that way, makes you more infirme,
For the right Chriſtian conflict: there I ſpied
A zealous primitiue ſparkle, but now flew,
From your deuoted eyes:
Able to blow vp all the Hereſies
That euer ſate in Councell with your ſpirit; *Enter the*
And here comes he whoſe ſanctimonious breath, *blacke Bi-*
Can make that ſparke a flame: liſt to him (virgin) *ſhops Pawne.*
At whoſe firſt entrance Princes will fall proſtrate:
Weomen are weaker Veſſells.

White Q. p. By my pænitence
A comely preſentation, and the habit
To admiration reuerend.

Blacke Q. p. But the heart, the heart Lady
So meeke, that as you ſee good Charitie pictured ſtill
With young ones in her armes, ſo will hee cheriſh
All his young tractable ſweete obedient daughters,
E'ene in his armes, in his owne boſome,
I am my ſelfe a ſecular Ieſuiteſſe,
As many Ladies are of worth and greatneſſe,
A ſecond ſort are Ieſuits in *voto*,
Giuing their vow into the father generall:
That's the Blacke Biſh p of our houſe, whoſe pawne
This Gentleman now ſtands, now to receiue
The Colledge habit at his holy pleaſure.

White Q. p. But how are theſe in *voto* emploied (Lady)
Till they receiue the habit.

Blacke Q. p. They're not idle,
Hee findes 'em all true labourers in the worke
Of vniuerſall Monarchie, which hee
And His Diſciples principally aime at.
Thoſe are maintayned in many Courts and Pallaces,
And are induc'd by noble Perſonages,
Into great Princes ſeruices, and prooue
Some Counſellers of State, ſome Secretaries:

All ſeruing in notes of intelligence:
(As Pariſh Clerkes,) their mortuary bills,
To the father Generall, ſo are deſignes
Often times preuented, and importinant ſecrets
Of ſtate diſcouered, yet no author found,
But thoſe ſuſpected oft that are moſt ſound:
This miſtery is too deepe, yet for your entrance,
And I offend to ſet your zeale ſo backe,
Checkt by Obedience, with deſire to haſten
Your progreſſe to perfection, I commit you
To the great workers hands, to whoſe graue worth
I fit my reuerence, as to you my wiſhes.
Blacke B. p. Doſt finde her ſupple?
Blacke Q. p. There's a little paſſage made.
Blacke B. p. Let me contemplate,
With wholy wonder ſeaſon my acceſſe;
And by degrees approach the Sanctuary
Of vnmatcht beauty, ſet in grace and goodneſſe
Amongſt the daughters of men I haue not found
A more Cathalecall aſpect, that eye
Dos promiſe ſingle life and meeke Obedience.
Vpon thoſe lips the ſweete freſh buds of youth,
The holy dew of prayer lies like pearle,
Dropt from opening eye-lids of the morne,
Vppon the baſhfull Roſe, how beautiouſly
A gentle faſt not rigorouſly impoſed,
Would looke vpon that cheek, and how delightfull
The courteous Phyſicke of a tender pennance,
Whoſe vtmoſt cruelty ſhould not exceed
The firſt feare of a bride to beate downe frailty,
Would worke to ſound health your long feſtred iudgement,
And make your merrit well (through erring ignorance
Appeares but ſpotted righteouſneſſe to me,)
Farre clearer then the innocence of Infants.
White Q. p. To the good worke I bowe and will become,
Obedience humbleſt daughter, ſcythence I finde
The aſſiſtance of a ſacred ſtrength to ayde me:

The

The labour is as eaſie to ſerue vertue
The right way ſince, 'tis ſhe I euer ſerued
In my deſire, though I tranſgreſt in Iudgement.
Black B. p. It's eaſily abſolued amongſt the reſt,
You ſhall not find the vertue, that you ſerue now
A ſharpe and cruell miſtreſſe, her eare's open
To all your ſupplications; you may boldly
And ſafely let in the moſt ſecret ſinne
Into her knowledge, which like vaniſht man
Neuer returnes into the World agen:
Fate lookes not vp more trulier.
White Q. p. To the guiltie,
That may appeare ſome benifit.
Blacke B. p. VVho ſo innocent
That neuer ſtands in need on't in ſome kinde?
If euery thought were blabb'd that's ſo confeſt,
The very ayre we breath would be imbleſt:
Now to the worke indeed, which is to catch
Her inclination, that's the ſpeciall vſe
We make of all our practiſe in all Kingdomes
For my diſcloſing their moſt ſecret frailties,
Things which once ours, they muſt not hide from vs,
That's the firſt Article in the Creede we teach 'em,
Finding to what point their blood moſt encline s,
Know beſt to apt them, then to our deſignes:
Daughter the ſooner you diſperſe your Errors,
The ſooner you make haſt to your diſcouerie,
You muſt part with'em, to be nice or modeſt
Towards this good action, is to imitate
The baſhfulneſſe of one conceales an vlter,
For the vncomly parts that tumor vexes,
Till't be paſt cure. Reſolue you thus faire (Ladie)
The priuatſt thought that runnes to hide it ſelfe,
In the moſt ſecret corner of your heart, now
Muſt be of my acquaintance, ſo familiarlie
Neuer the friend of yours might counſell neerer.
White Q. p. I ſtand not much in feare of any account

Guilty

Guilty of that blacke time (moſt noble holineſſe,)
I muſt confeſſe as in a ſacred Temple,
Throng'd with an auditorie, ſome come rather
To feede on humane obiect, then to taſte
Of Angels foode.
So in the Congregation of quicke thoughts
Which are more infinite, then ſuch aſſemblies,
I cannot for truths ſafely ſpeake for all:
Some haue bin wanderers, ſome ſinful, ſome ſound:
But thoſe found euer poore entertainment,
They'd incouragement to come againe,
The ſingle life which ſtrongly I profeſſe now;
Heauen pardon me, I was about to part from.
Blacke B. p. Then you haue paſt through loue?
White Q. p. But left no ſtaine
In all my paaſſge (Sir) no print of wrong;
For the moſt chaſt maide that may trace my foot-ſteps.
Blacke Biſh. p. How came you off ſo cleare.
White Q. p. I was diſcharged
By an inhumane accident, which modeſty
Forbids me to put any language too.
B. B. p. How you forget your ſelfe? all actions
Clad in their proper language, though moſt ſorded
My eare is bound by duty to let in,
And locke vp euerlaſtingly: Shall I helpe you?
Hee was not found to anſwere his creation?
A veſtall Virgine in a ſlip of prayer,
Could not deliuer mans loſſe modeſtier:
'Twas the White Biſhops pawne.
White Q. p. The ſame (bleſt Sir.)
Blacke B. p. An Heriticke well pickled.
White Q. p. By baſe treachery,
And violence prepared by the Competitor:
The blacke Knights pawne whom I ſhall euer hate for't.
Blacke B. p. 'Twas of reuenges the vnmanlieſt way
That euer riu all tooke, a villaine
That for your ſake ile neuer abſolue him off.

White Q. p.

White Q. p. I wiſh not ſo heauy.
Blacke B. p. Hee muſt feele it,
I neuer yet gaue abſolution
To any crime of that vnmarring nature:
It ſeemes you refuſe him for defect,
That other women haue in the ends of marriage:
Pardon my boldneſſe, if I ſift your goodneſſe
To the laſt graine.
W. Q. p. I reuerence your paines (Sir)
And muſt confeſſe, cuſtome to enioy
What other women challenge and poſſeſſe,
More ruld me then deſire: for my deſires
Dwell all in Ignorance, and Ile neuer wiſh
To know that fond way, may redeeme them thence.
B. B. p. I neuer was ſo taken, beſet dubly
Now with her iudgment what a ſtrength it puts forth,
I bring worke neerer to you, when you haue ſeene
A maiſter-peece of man, compoſed by Heauen
For a great Princes fauor, kingdomes loue:
So exact Enuy could not finde a place
To ſticke a blot on perſon, or on fame:
Haue you not found ambition ſwell your wiſhes then?
And deſire ſtirre your blood.
W. Q. p. By vertue neuer:
I haue onely in the dignity of the creature,
Admired the workes glory.
B. B. p. She's impregnable,
A ſecond ſiedge muſt not fall off ſo tamely:
She's one of thoſe muſt be informed to know
A daughters duty which ſome take vntaught;
Her modeſty brings her behind hand much,
My old meanes I muſt flye too, yes 'tis it,
Pleaſe you perуſe this ſmall tract of Obedience,
'Twill helpe you forward well.
W. Q. p. (Sir) that is a vertue:
I haue euer thought on with eſpeciall reuerence.
B. B. p. You will conceiue by that,

My power your duty. *Enter White Biſhops pawne.*

W. B. p. What makes yond troubler of all Chriſtian water,
So neere yond bleſſed ſpring? but I know
Her goodneſſe is the rocke from whence it iſſues.
Vnmooueable as fate, 'twould more afflict me
Then all my ſufferings for her, which ſo long
As ſhe holds conſtant to the houſe ſhe come off,
The whitnes of the cauſe, the ſide, the quality
Are ſacrifices to her worth and vertue,
And though confined in my religious ioyes,
I marry her and poſſeſſe her. *Ent. the B. Kt. pawne.*

B. B. p. Behold Lady,
The two inhuman enemies, the black Knights pawne,
And the white Biſhops, the gelder and the gelded.

W. Q. p. There's my griefe, my hate.

B. Kt. p. What? in the Ieſuites fingers? by this hand,
Ile giue my part now for a Parrats feather,
Shee neuer returnes vertuous, 'tis impoſſible:
Ile vndertake, more wagers will be layd
Vpon a Vſurers returne from hell,
Then vpon hers from him now: haue I bin guilty
Of ſuch baſe malice, that my very conſcience
Shakes at the memory of it, and when I looke
To gather fruit find nothing but the Sauin tree:
Too frequent in Nunnes Orchards, and there planted
By all coniecture to deſtroy fruit rather,
I wilbe reſolued now moſt noble Virgine.

W. Q. p. Ignoble villaine, dare that vnhallowed tongue
Lay hold vpon a ſound ſo gracious,
What's nobleneſſe to thee, or virgine Chaſtity?
They're not of thy acquaintance, talke of violence,
That ſhames creation, deeds would make night bluſh
That's company for thee, haſt thou the impudence
To court me with the Leproſie vpon thee,
Able to infect the walls of a great building.

B. B. p. Sonne of offence forbeare, go ſet your duell
Before your eyes, a pænitentiall veſture,

Would

Would better become yee, ſome ſhirt of haire.
B. Kt. p. And you a three pound ſmocke, ſteed of an Abbey,
An Epicene Caſſible, this holy fellow
Robs ſaf'ſt and cloſe, I feele a ſting that's worſe too:
White pawne, haſt ſo much Charity to accept
A reconcilement, make thy owne conditions,
For I begin to be extreamely burthned.
W. B. p. No truth, no peace, of that blacke houſe, proteſt
Is to be truſted, but for hope of acquittance,
And warned by difference, I may intrap him ſooneſt,
I admit conference.
B. Kt. p. It is a nobleneſſe
That makes confuſion cleaue to all my merrits.
B. B. p. That treatiſe will inſtruct you fully.
B. Kt. So, ſo, *Enter blacke Knight,*
The buſineſſe of the Vniuerſall Monarchy
Goes forward well now, the Colledge pot
That ſhould be alwayes boyling with the fuell,
Of all intelligencers poſſible,
Through the Chriſtian Kingdome is this fellow
Our prime incendiary? one of thoſe
That promiſ'd the white Kingdome ſeauen yeares ſince
To our blacke-houſe, put a new daughter to him,
The great worke-ſlaues, he minds nor Monarchie
Nor Hererazie (diuiner principallities) I brag leſſe,
But haue done more then all the conclaue on'em
Take their aſſiſtant fathers in all parts:
I, or their father generall in to boote:
And what I haue done, I haue done factiouſly;
With pleaſant ſubtilty, and bewitching court-ſhip,
Abuſe al my beleeuers with delight,
They tooke comfort to be couſned by me,
Too many a ſoule I haue let in mortall poyſon,
Whoſe cheekes haue crackt with laughter to receiue it,
I could ſo roule my pills in ſugred ſyllables,
And ſtrew ſuch kindly mirth o're all my miſchiefe,
They tooke their baine in way of recreation,

As pleaſure ſteales corruption into youth,
Hee ſpies me now; I muſt vphold his reuerence,
Eſpecially in publique (though I know)
Pryapus guardian of the cherry Gardens:
Bacchus and *Venus* chit is not more vitious.

B. B. p. Bleſſings accumulation keep with you (ſir.)

B. Kt. Honors diſſimulation be your due (ſir.)

W. Q p. How deep in duty in obſeruance plunge?
His charge muſt needes be reuerend.

B. B. p. I am Confeſſor
To this *Black Knight* too, you ſee deuotion's fruitfull,
Sh'as many ſonnes and daughters.

B. K. I do this the more,
To maze our aduerſaries to behold,
The reuerence we giue theſe great ones,
And to beget a ſound opinion
Of holineſſe in them, and zeale in vs;
As alſo to enuite the like obedience
In other pupills, by our meeke example:
So, is your trifle gone?

B. B. p. Trifle call you her, it's a good game (ſir)
Sure ſhe's the ſecond pawne of the White houſe,
And to the opening of the game I hold her.

B. Kt. I you hold well: for that I know your play
Of old, if there were more *Queenes pawnes* you'ld plye
The game a great deale harder (now ſir we're in priuate)
But what for the maine worke, the great exiſtance?
The hope Monarchall?

B. B. p. It goes on in this.

B. Kt. In this? I cannot ſee't.

B. B. p. So you may deny
A Dyalls motion, cauſe you cannot ſee
The hand moeue, or a wind that rends the Cedars.

B. Kt. Where ſtops the current of intelligence,
Your father generall Biſhop of the Blacke-houſe,
Complaines for want of worke.

B. B. p. Here's from all parts

Sufficient

Sufficient to imploy him, I receiu'd
A packet from the aſſiſtant fathers lately,
Looke you there's *Anglica*, this *Gallica*.
B. Kt. I marry (ſir) there's ſome quicke-fleſh in this.
B. B. p. *Germanica*.
B. K. Thinke they'n ſeald this with butter.
B. B. p. *Italica* this.
B. Kt. They put their pens the hebrew way me thinks.
B. B. p. *Hiſpanica* there.
B. Kt. *Hiſpanica*, blinde word this,
The Ieſuite hath writ this with iuice of Leamons ſure
It muſt be held cloſe to the fire of Purgatory
Ere't can be read.
B. B. p. You will not looſe your ieſt (Knight)
Though it wound your owne fame.
B. Kt. *Curanda pecunia.* *Enter the*
B. B. p. Take heed (Sir) we're intrapt. *white Kings pawne.*
B. Kt. He's made our owne (man) halfe in *voto* yours,
His heart's in the blacke houſe, leaue him to me,
Moſt of all friends indeed preciouſly ſpeciall.
W. Kt. p. You ſee my out-ſide, but not my heart,
Great difference in the colour, there's ſome intelligence,
And as more ripeneſſe, ſo your knowledge ſtill
Shall prooue the richer, there ſhall nothing happen
(Beleeue't) to extenuate your cauſe.
Or to oppreſſe her friends, but I will ſtriue
To croſſe it with my Counſell, purſe and power
Keep all ſupplies both in meanes and men,
That may rayſe againſt you, we muſt part,
I dare not longer of this theame diſcuſſue,
The eare of State is quicke and iealious.
B. Kt. Excellent eſtemation, thou art valu'd
Aboue the Fleece of gold, that came ſhort home,
Poore Ieſuit, ridden ſoule, how art thou foold
Out of thy faith, from thy allegance drawne,
Which way ſo ere thou takeſt, thou'rt the loſt Pawne.

Finit Actus Primus.

Incipit Secundus.

Enter White Queenes Pawne, *with a booke in her hand.*

White Queenes Pawne.

AND here agen it is the daughters duty
To obey her ſeſſors commaund in all things
Without exception, or expoſtulations:
Tis the moſt generall rule that ere I heard of:
Yet when I thinke how boundleſſe vertue is,
Goodneſſe and grace lies gently reconciled,
And then it appeares well to haue the power
Of the diſpenſor are's vncircumſcribde. *En. b. B. p. B. B. p.* She's hard vpon't, 'twas the moſt modeſt key
That I could vſe to open my intents,
What little, or no paines goes to ſome people:
Hah? a ſeald note, whence this,
To the blacke Biſhops pawne, theſe, how to me
Strange, who ſubſcribes it? the blacke King what would he.

The Letter.

PAwne *ſufficiently holy; but vnmeaſurably politicke: Wee had late intelligence from our moſt induſterous ſeruant, famous in all parts of* Europe, *(our Knight of the blacke Houſe) that you haue at this inſtant in chaſe the white Queenes pawne, and very likely by the carriage of your Game to entrap and take her: Theſe are therefore to require you (by the burning affection I beare to the rape of deuotion) that ſpeedily vpon the ſurpriſall, of her, by all watchfull aduantage you make ſome attempt vppon the White Queenes perſon, whoſe fall or proſtitution our luſt moſt violently rages for.*

Sir after my deſire has tooke a Iulep
For it's owne inflamation, that yet ſcorches me,
I ſhall haue cooler time to thinke of yours,
She's paſt the generall rule of the large extent

Of

Of our preſciption for obedience;
And yet with what allacrity of ſoule,
Her eye mooues on the Letter.
W. Q. p. Holy Sir,
Too long, I haue miſt you, oh your abſence ſtarues me,
Haſten for times redemption (worthy Sir)
Lay your commands as thicke and faſt vppon me
As you can ſpeake em, how I thirſt to heare em:
Set me to worke vppon this ſpacious vertue,
Which the poore ſpan of life's, to morrow for
Boundleſſe obedience, the humbleſt, yet the mightieſt of all
Duties, well ſet her downe a vniuerſal goodneſſe.
B. B. p. By holineſſe of garment her ſafe innocence
Has frighted the full meaning from it ſelfe,
She's farre off from vnderſtanding now
The language of my intent, then at firſt meeting.
W. Q. p. For vertues ſake, good ſir,
Commaund me ſomething,
Make triall of my duty in ſome ſmall ſeruice,
And as you finde the faith of my obedience there,
Then truſt it with a greater.
B. B. p. You ſpeake ſweetly,
I do commaund you firſt then.
W. Q. p. With what ioy, I do prepare my duty.
B. B. p. To meete me,
And ſeale a kiſſe of loue vppon my lips.
W. Q. p. Hah.
B. B. p. At firſt diſobedient in ſo little too.
How ſhall I truſt you with a greater then,
Which was your owne requeſt?
W. Q. p. Pray ſend not backe
My Innocence to wound me, be more courteous,
I muſt confeſſe much like an ignorant plaintiffe
Who preſuming on the faire path of his meaning
Goes raſhly on, till on a ſuddaine brought
Into the wilderneſſe of Law, by words
Dropt vnaduiſedly, hurts his good cauſe,

And giues the Aduerſary aduantage by it,
Apply it you can beſt (ſir) if my obedience
And your command can find no better way,
Fond men command, and wantons beſt obey.

B. B. p. If I can at that diſtance ſend you a bleſſing,
Is it not neerer to you in my armes:
It flies abroad from theſe lips dealt in parcells,
And I to honour thee aboue all daughters,
Inuite thee home to the houſe, where thou mayſt ſurfeit
On that, which others miſerably pine for:
A fauour which the daughters of great Potentates,
Would looke of enuies colour but to heare.

W. Q. p. Good men may erre ſometimes, you're miſtaken,
Sure if this be vertues path, tis a moſt ſtrange one,
I neuer came this way before.

B. B. p. That's your ignorance,
And therefore ſhall that edict ſtill conduct you,
That knowes no way but one, nor euer ſeekes it.
Tis ſtrange if vertue ſhould be put to one,
If there be twenty wayes to ſome poore Village.
Your feare is wondrous falty, caſt it from you,
Twill gather elſe in time a diſobedience,
Too ſtubborne for my pardon.

W. Q. p. Haue I lockt my ſelfe
At vnawares into ſinnes ſeruitude
With more deſire of goodneſſe? is this the tye
Of all ſtrict'ſt order, and the holieſt
Of all ſocieties, the three vowed people
For Pouerty, Obedience, Chaſtity:
The laſt they moſt forget, when a Virgins raine
I ſee the great worke of Obedience,
Is better then halfe finiſht.

B. B. p. What a ſtranger,
Are you to duty growne, what diſtance keep you,
Muſt I bid you come forwards to a happines
Your ſelfe ſhould ſue for? 'twas neuer ſo with me,
I dare not let this ſtubbornneſſe be knowne,

'Twould

'Twould bring ſuch fierce hate on you, yet preſume not
To make that courteous care a preuiledge
For wilfull diſobedience, it turnes then
Into the blackneſſe of a curſe vppon you,
Come, come, be neerer.

W. Q p. Neerer?

B. B. p. Was that in ſcorne?
I would not haue it proued ſo for the hopes
Of the great Monarchy, if it were like it,
Let it not dare to flye abroad agen,
A ſtronger I will coape with't.

W. Q p. Bleſſe me, threatnes me,
And quite diſmayes the good ſtrength that ſhould
Helpe me. I neuer was ſo doubtfull of my ſafety.

B. B. p. 'Twas but my iealouſie, forgiue me (ſweetneſſe)
Yours is the houſe of meekneſſe, and no venome liues
Vnder that roofe, be neerer; why ſo fearefull?
Neerer the Altar the more ſafe and ſacred.

W. Q. p. But neerer the offerors oft more wicked.

B. B. p. A plaine and moſt inſufferable contempt,
My glory I haue loſt vppon this woman,
In freely offering that ſhe ſhould haue kneel'd
A yeare in vaine for: my reſpect is darkned,
Giue me my reuerence agen thou haſt rob'd me off
In thy repulſe, thou ſhalt not carry it hence.

W. Q p. (Sir.)

B. B. p. Thou'rt too great a winner to depart;
And I too deepe a looſer to giue way to't.

W. Q. p. Oh Heauen!

B. B. p. Lay me downe reputation,
Before thou ſturſt thy nice Virginity
Is recompence too little for my loue,
'Tis well if I accept of that for both,
Thy loſſe is but thine owne, there's arte to helpe thee,
And fooles to paſſe thee to; in my diſcouery

The whole ſociety ſuffers, and in that,
The hope of abſolute Monarchy eclipſt,
Aſſurance thou canſt make me none for thy ſecrecy,
But by thy honors loſſe, that act muſt awe thee.
W. Q. p. Oh my diſtreſt condition.
B. B. p. Doſt weepe?
If thou hadſt any pitty, this neceſſity
Would wring it from thee, I muſt elſe deſtroy thee:
We muſt not truſt the policy of *Europe*,
Vppon a womans tongue.
W. Q. p. Then take my life (Sir)
And leaue my honor for to guide mé to Heauen.
B. B. p. Take heed I take not both, which I haue vowed
Since, if longer thou reſiſt.
W. Q. p. Helpe, oh helpe.
B. B. p. Art thou ſo cruell for an honors bable,
To vndo a whole fraternity, and diſperſe
The ſecrets of moſt nations lock't in vs?
W. Q. p. For Heauen and vertues ſake. *A noyſe within.*
B. B. p. Muſt force confound noyſe?
Hah, what's that? ſilence (if faire worth be in thee.)
W. Q. p. Ile venture my eſcape on all dangers now.
B. B. p. Who comes to take me, let me ſee that pawnes face,
Or his proud tympanous Maſ-ſwell with ſtate winde,
Which being once prickt in the Convocation houſe,
The corrupt ayre puffes out, and he falls ſhriueld.
W. Q. p. I will diſcouer the Arch-hypocrite,
To all the kinreds of the earth.
B. B. p. Confuſion in that voyce,
Rings the alarum of my vndooing, *Enter blacke*
How, which way ſcapt ſhe from me? *Queenes Pawne.*
B. Q. p. Are you mad?
Can luſt infatuate a man ſo hopefull?
No patience in your blood: the dog-ſtarre raines ſure,
Time, and fire temper would haue wrought her

Pliant

Pliant: I ſpi'd a Pawne of the white Houſe walke neere vs,
And made that noyſe of purpoſe to giue warrant
For mine owne turne, which ends in all I worke for.
B. B. p. Me thinkes I ſtand ouer a powder vault,
And the match now a kindling: what's to be done?
'Tis his owne caſe, he will defend you mainly,
And hapily here he comes with the black Knight too.
Enter Blacke Biſhop, *and* blacke Knight.
B. B. Oh you made noble work for the white houſe,
This act will the aduerſaries mouth,
And blow the Luthrens cheeke, till't cracke agen.
B. Kt. This will aduance the great Monarchall buſineſſe
In all parts well, and helpe the agents forward,
Which I haue teauen yeares laboured to accompliſh.
On minute ſets back by ſome cod-peece Colledge ſtil.
B. B. p. I dwell not (ſir) alone in this default,
The blacke houſe yeelds me partners.
B. B. All more cautelous.
B. Kt. *Qui caute, caſte*, that's my Motto ſtill,
Iue trauailed with that word ouer moſt Kingdomes,
And laine ſafe with moſt nations on a leaking bottom
I haue beene as often toſt on Vennes ſeas
As trymer, and treſher Barkes, when ſounder veſſels
Haue layne at anchor, that is kept the doore.
B. B. She has no witneſſe then?
B. Kt. Groſſe witneſſe, when went one of his ſociety?
To miſchiefe with a witneſſe?
B. B. I haue don't then,
Away vpon the wings of ſpeed, take poſt horſe,
Caſt thirty leagues of earth behind thee ſuddenly,
Leaue letters ante-dated at our houſe,
Ten dayes at leaſt from this.
B. Kt. Biſhop I taſte thee,
Good ſtrong Epiſcopall counſell, take a bottle on't,
Twill ſerue thee all thy iourney.

B.B. p. But good (ſir) how,
For my getting for the vnſpied?
B. B. There's Checke agen.
B. Q. P. No Ile helpe that.
B. Kt. Well ſayd my bouncing Ieſuiteſſe,
B. Q. p. There lies a ſecret valt.
B. Kt. Away, make haſt then.
B. B. *p.* Runne for my Cabinet of intelligences,
For feare they ſearch the houſe, good Biſhop burn'em,
I cannot ſtand to picke 'em now.
B. B. Begone the dangers all in you.
B. Kt. Let me ſee Queenes pawne,
How formerly has packt vp his intelligences,
H'as laid them all in truckell beds (me thinkes)
And like Court harbingers has writ the names
In Chalke vpon their Chambers: *Anglica*,
Oh this is the Engliſh houſe, what newes there trow?
Hah by this hand moſt of theſe are bawdy epiſtles,
Time they were burnt indeed, whole bundles of'em:
Here's from his daughter *Blanch* & daughter *Bridget*:
From the ſafe ſanctuary in the *White-Friers*:
Thoſe from two tender ſiſters of compaſſion,
In the bowels of Blomsbury:
Theſe three from the Nonnery in Drury lane:
A fire, a fire, (go Ieſuiteſſe) a fire:
What haue you there?
B. B A note (ſir) of State policy,
And an exceeding ſafe one.
B. Kt. Pray let's ſee it (Sir)
To ſell away all the powder in the Kingdome,
To preuent blowing vp, that's ſafe, ile able it:
Here's a factious obſeruation now,
That ſuits my humor better, he writes here
Some wiues in *England* will commit adultery,
And then ſend to Rome for a Bull for their husbands.
B. B. Haue they thoſe ſhifts?

B. K. Oh no familiar breathing
Sweeter, here wench take thoſe papers,
Scorch em ſoundly, burne em to French ruſſet,
And put em, in agen.

B B. Why, what's your myſtery?

B. K. Oh(ſir) 'twill mocke the aduerſary ſtrangly,
If ere the houſe be ſearcht, 'twas done in Vennis
Vppon the Ieſuiticall expulſe there,
Where the Inqueſitors came all ſpecturald
To picke out ſyllables out of the dung of treaſon,
(As children pick their cherry-ſtones) yet found none;
But what they made themſelues with ends of letters.
Do as I bid you Pawne. *Ent.* B. *Knights pawne.*

B. Q. p. Faith not in all,
I loue roguria too well to let it fall:
How now what newes with you?

B. K. p. The ſting of conſcience
Afflicts me ſo for that inhumane violence,
On the White biſhops Pawne, it takes away
My ioy my reſt.

B. Q. p. This 'tis to make an Eunuch,
You made a ſport on't then.

B. K. p Ceaſe agreuation,
I come to be obſolu'd for't, where is my Confeſſor,
Why do'ſt thou point to the ground?

B. Q. p. 'Cauſe he went that way:
Come, come helpe me in with this Cabinet,
Ile tell thee a ſtrange Story.

B. K. p. If't be ſad tis welcome.

B. Q. p. Tis not much troubled with mirth, ſir. *Ex.*

Enter Fat biſhop, with his Pawne.

Fat B. Pawne.

B. p. I attend at your holineſſe ſeruice.

F. B. For great I grant you, but greatly holy,
There the ſoyld alters fat Cathedrall bodies,

Haue very often leane, little ſoules,
Much like the Lady in the Lobſtars head,
A great deale of ſhell and garbage of all colours,
But for the pure part, that ſhould take wings and mount,
That's at laſt gaſpe, as if a man ſhould gape,
And from a huge bulke let forth a butter-flye,
Like thoſe big-bellied mountaines, which the Poet
Deliuers, that are brought to bed with mans fleſh,
Are my booke Printed pawne, my laſt inuictiues
Againſt the blacke-houſe?

F. B. p. Ready for publi ation:
For I ſaw perfect bookes this morning (ſir.)

F. B. Fetch me a few, which I will inſtantly
Diſtribute amongſt the White-houſe.

F. B. p. With all ſpeede (ſir.)

F. B. Tis a moſt Lordly life to rayle at eaſe,
Set, eate, and drinke vpon the fat of one Kingdome;
And rayle vpon an other with the iuice on't:
I haue writ this booke out of the ſtrength and marrow
Of ſix and thirty diſhes at a meale:
But moſt on't out of cullíſhe of Cocke ſparrowes,
Twill ſticke and glew the faſter to the aduerſary,
Twill ſlit the roote of their moſt Caluiſh cauſe,
And yet I eate but little Butchers meate
In the conception:
Of all things I commend the White-houſe beſt,
For plenty and variety of victualls:
When I was one of the blacke-houſe profeſt,
My fleſh fell halfe a Cubit, time to revolt,
When my owne ribs reuolted; but to ſay truth,
I haue no preferment yet, that's ſuteable
To the greatneſſe of my perſon and my parts:
I grant I liue at eaſe, for I am made
The Maiſter of the beds, the long acre of beds:
But there's no Marie-gold, that ſhuts and opens,

Flower

Flower gentles *Venus* borth, app'es of loue,
Pinckes, Hyanths, Honie-ſuckles, Daffa-down-dillies,
There was a time I'd much more drab then beds,
Now I'ue more beds, then drabs:
Yet there's no eminent trader deales in whole-ſayle;
But ſhe and I haue clap a barging vp,
Let in at water-gate, for which I haue racke
My tennants purſe-ſtrings, that then'ue twang'd agen:
Yonder blacke Knight, the Fiſtula of *Europe*, *Enter b. B.*
Whoſe diſeaſe once I vndertooke to cure, *with b. K.*
With a high Holborne halter, when hee laſt
Vouchſaft to peepe into my priuiledged lodgings,
He ſaw good ſtore of plate, and rich hangings:
He knew I brought none to the White-houſe with me,
I haue not loſt the vſe of my profeſſion,
Since I turned White-houſe biſhop: *En. Pawne*
B. Kt. Looke, more bookes yet? *with bookes.*
Yonder greaſie gormundizing Prelate
Does worke our houſe more miſchiefe by his ſcripts,
His fat and fulſome Volumes,
Then the whole body of the aduers party.
B. B. Oh 'twere a Maſter-peece of ſerpent ſubtilty
To fetch him a this ſide agen.
B. Kt. And then damne him
Into the bag for euer, or expoſe him
Againſt the aduerſe party, which now he feeds on;
And that would double dam him, my reuenge
Has prompted me already, ile confound him
A both ſides for the phiſicke he prouided,
And the baſe Chyrurgion he inuented for me,
Ile tell you what a moſt vncatholicall ieaſt
He put vpon me once when my paine tortur'd me,
He told me he had found a preſent cure for me,
Which I grew proude on, and obſeru'd him ſeriouſly,
What thinke you 'twas, being execution day,

He

He ſhew'd the Hangman to me out at window,
The common Hangman.
B.B. I'le make him the baloom ball,
Of the Churches.
And both the ſides ſhall toſſe him, he lookes like one,
A thing ſweld vp with mingled drinke and wine,
And will bound well from one ſide to another.
Come, you ſhall write our ſecond biſhops deedes,
Which ha's yet no imployment in the Game,
Perhaps nor euer ſhall, it may be wonne
Without his motion, it reſts in ours:
He ſhall be flattered with *Sede vacant*,
Make him beleeue he comes into his place,
And that will fetch him with a vengance to vs.
For I know powder is not more ambitious,
When the match meet it, then his minde for mounting.
As *Couetous*, and *Leacherous*.
B. B. No more, now (Sir) both the ſides fill.
W. Ki. This ha's bin look't for long.
F. B. The ſtronger ſting it ſhootes into the bloud
Of the blacke aduerſary, I'm aſham'd now,
I was theirs euer, what a Lumpe was I?
When I was led in ignorance and blindneſſe?
I muſt confeſſe I'ue all my life time playd
The Foole, iill now.
B. Kt. And now he plaies two parts, the foole and kuaue.
F. B. Ther's my recantation in the laſt leafe.
Wer't like a *Ciceronian* in pure Latain.
W. B. Pure honeſty, the better latain ſerues then,
B. Kt. Out of thoſe peſtilent pamphlets thoſe are they
That wound our cauſe to the heart.
B. B. Heere more anger yet.
B. Kt. But we come well prouided for this ſtorme.
W. Q. Is this my *Pawne*? ſhe that ſhould Guard our Perſon, *Enter both Houſes*

Or

Or ſome pale figure of deiection,
Her ſhape vſurping, ſorrow and affrightment,
Has preuailed ſtrangly with her.
W. Q. p. King of Integrety,
Queene of the ſame, and all the houſe profeſſors
Of noble Candor, vncorrupted iuſtice,
And truth of heart, through my alone diſcouery
(My life and honor wondrouſly preſerued)
I bring into your knowledge with my ſufferings,
Feareſull affrightments, and heart-killing terrors,
The great incendiary of all Chriſtendome,
The abſolute abuſer of true ſanctity,
Fayrer peace, and holy order can be found
In any part of th'vniuerſall Globe:
Who making meeke deuotion keep the doore,
(His lips being full of holy zeale at firſt)
Would haue committed a foule rape vppon me.
W. Q. Hah?
W. Ki. A rape? that's foule indeed, the very ſound
To our eare fowler then the offence it ſelfe
To ſome Kings of the earth.
W. Q. p. Sir, to proceede,
Gladly I offered life to preſerue honour,
Which would not be accepted without both:
The chiefe of his ill ayme being at mine honour,
Till heauen was pleaſed by ſome vnlookt for accident,
To giue me courage to redeeme my ſelfe.
W. Ki. When we finde deſperate ſinnes
In ill mens company,
We place a charitable ſorrow there;
But cuſtome and their leaprous inclination,
Quits vs of wonder: for our expectation
Is anſwered in their liues, but to finde ſinne
Vnder a robe of Sanctity, is able
To draw all number to that monſter onely,

And leaue created monſters vnadmired,
The pride of him that tooke firſt fall for pride,
Is to be Angell ſhapt, and imitate
The forme from whence he fell; but this offendor,
Farre baſer then ſinnes maiſter, fix'd by vowe
To holy order which is Angells method,
It grieues me that my knowledge muſt be tainted,
With his infected name,
Oh rather with thy finger point him out.
W. Q. p. The place that he ſhould fill is void my L.
His guilt has ſcarde him, the blacke Biſhops pawne.
B. B. Hah, mine, my pawne? the glory of his order,
The prime and preſident zealot on the earth?
Impudent pawne, for thy ſake at this minute
Modeſty ſuffers, all that's vertuous bluſhes,
And truths ſelfe like the ſunne vext with a miſt,
Lookes red with anger.
W. B. Be not thou drunke with rage too.
B. B. Sober ſincerite nor you a cup.
Spake with Hypocriſie.
W. Kt. You name their Biſhop,
But your owne Chriſtmas bole your mornings draught
Next your Epiſcopall heart all the twelue dayes,
Which ſmacke you cannot leaue all the yeare after.
B. Kt. A ſhrew'd retorte
Has made our Biſhop ſmell of burning too,
Would I ſtood farther off, wer't no impeachment
To my honor or the game, would they would play faſter.
White Knight, ther's acknowledged from our houſe,
A reuerence to you and a reſpect
To that Lord Duke ſtands next you, with the fauour
Of the white King, and th'afore-named reſpected,
I combate with this cauſe, if withall ſpeed
Waſt not one ſyllable, vnfortunate pawne)
Of what I ſpeake, thou doſt not plead deſtruction

A plea which will but faintly take thee off neither,
From this Leuiathan ſcandall, that lyes rowling
Vpon the Chriſtall waters of deuotion,
Or what may quit the more(though enough nothing)
Fall downe,and foame,and by that pange diſcouer,
The vexing ſpirit of falſhood ſtrongly within thee,
Make thy ſelfe ready for perdition,
Ther's no remoue in all the Game to ſcape it,
This pawne or this, the Biſhop, or my ſelfe
Will take thee in the end,play how you can.

W. Q. p. Spite of ſins glorious oſtentation;
And all blood-threates,that thunder crackes of pride,
Vſhering a ſtorme of malice houſe of impudence,
Truſt and æquiuocation, my true cauſe
Shall keepe the path it treads in.

B. Kt. I play thus then:
Now in the hearing of this high aſſembly,
Bring forth the time of this attempts conception.

W. Q p. Conception? oh how tenderly you handle it.

W. B. It ſeemes black Knight you are affraid to touch it.

B. Kt. Well it's eruption, will ſhe haue it ſo then?
Or your white Biſhop for her, the more vncleane;
Vile and impious that you vrge the ſtraine to,
The greater will her ſhames heape now i'th'end,
And the wronges meeke mans glory,the time (pawne.)

W. Q. p. Yeſterdayes curſed euening.

B. Kt. Oh the treaſure of my reuenge I cant ſpend all one thee,
Ruine enough to ſpare for all thy kinred too,
For honors ſake call in more ſlanderers,
I haue ſuch plentifull confuſion,
I know not how to waſt it, ile be nobler yet,
And put her to her owne houſe: King of meekneſſe
Take the cauſe to thee,for our hands too heauy,
Our proofes will fall vpon her like a Tower,
And grinde her bones to powder.

W. Q. p. What new engine,
Ha's the diuell rayſed in him now.
B. Kt. Is it he,
And that the time ſtands firme, now to your ſcandall,
Pray do not ſhift your ſlander.
W. Q. p. Shift your treachery,
They'ue worne one ſuite too long.
B. *Kt.* That holy man,
So wrongfully accuſed by this loſt pawne :
H'as not beene ſeene theſe ten daies in theſe parts.
W. Kt. How.
B. *Kt.* Nay at this inſtant thirty leagues from hence.
W. p. Fadomeleſſe falſhood, will it ſcape vnblaſted.
W. K. Can you make this appeare?
B. *Kt.* Light is not clearer,
By his owne letters (moſt impartiall Monarch.
W. Kt. p. How wrongfully may ſacred vertue ſuffer, ſir.
B. *Kt.* Biſhop we haue a treaſure of that falſe heart.
W. Ki. Step forth and reach thoſe proofes.
W. Q. p. Amazement couers me,
Can I be forſaken of a cauſe
So ſtrong in truth and equity, will vertue
Send me no ayde in this hard time of friendſhip.
B. Kt. There's an infallible ſtaffe and a red hat
Reſerued for you.
W. Kt. p. Oh, ſir, indeede.
B. Kt. A ſtaffe
That will not eaſily breake, you may truſt to't,
And ſuch a one had your corruption need of,
There's a ſtate figge for you now.
W. Ki. Behold all,
How they were in one :
I alwayes held a charity ſo good
To holineſſe profeſt I euer beleeued rather,
The accuſer falſe, you the profeſſor vitious.

B. Kt.

B. Kt. A charity like all your vertues elſe,
Gracious and glorious.
W. Kt. Where fits the offence,
Let the faults puniſhment be deriued from thence :
We leaue her to your cenſure.
B. Kt. Moſt iuſt Maieſty.
W. Q. p. Calamity of vertue, my Queene leaues me too :
Am I caſt off as the Oliue caſts her flower ?
Poore friendleſſe innocence art thou left a prey,
To the deuourer ?
W. Kt. Nor thou art not loſt,
Let em put on their bloodieſt reſolutions,
If the faire policy I ayme at proſpers :
Thy counſell (noble Duke.)
W. D. For that worke chiefely.
W. Kt. A man for ſpeede now.
W. *B. p.* Let it be my honor, ſir,
Make me that flight that owes my liues ſeruice.
B. Kt. Was not this brought about well for our honours ?
B. B. Piſh, the *Gulician* braine can worke out wonders.
B. Kt. Let's vſe her, as vpon like diſcouery
A mayde was vſed at *Venice*, euery one
Be ready with a pennance being maieſty
Veſſell of fooliſh ſcandall, take thy fright
Had beene in that Cabinet of niceneſſe,
Halfe the virginities the earth lockt vp,
And all ſweept at one caſt by the dexterity
Of a Ieſuiticall Gamſter, t'ad not valu'd
The leaſt part of that generall worth thou haſt tainted.
B. Kt. Firſt I enioyne thee to a three daies faſt for't.
B. Q. You're too penurious, ſir, ile make it foure.
B. B. I to a twelue houres kneeling at one time.
B. Kt. And in a roome fil'd all with Aretines pictures,
(More then the twelue labours of Luxurie)
Thou ſhalt not ſo much as the chaſt pummell ſee

Of *Lucrece* dagger peeping, nay Ile puniſh thee
For a diſcouerer, ile torment thy modeſty.

B. D. After that foure dayes laſt, into the inquiſition houſe,
Strengthned with bread and water for worſe pennance.

B. Kt. Why well ſayd Duke of our houſe, nobly agriuated.

W. Q. p. Vertue to ſhew her influence more ſtrong,
Fits me with patience mightier then my wrong.

Finit Actus Secundus.

Incipit Tertius.

Enter **Fat** Biſhop.

F. Biſhop.

I Know my pen draws blood of the blacke houſe,
Ther's neuera booke I writ but their cauſe bleedes,
It has loſt many an ounce of reputation,
Since I came to this ſide, I ſticke deepe in,
And leaue the Orifex guſhing where I come:
But where's my aduancement all this while I haue got,
I'd haue ſome round peeferment, corpulent dignity
That beares ſome breath and compaſſe in the guiſt on't,
I am perſwaded that this fleſh would fit
The biggeſt chayre Eccleſiaſticall,
If it were put to tryall, to be made Maiſter of an Hoſpitall,
Is but a kind of diſeaſe bred honour:
Or dreame of the poore almes Knights that weare badges,
There's but two lazy beggerly preferments,
In the white Kingdome, and I'ue got em both,
My mertit does begin to be crop-ſicke
For want of other Titles. *Enter blacke Knight.*

B. Kt. Oh here walke his fulſome holineſſe:
Now for the Maiſter-peece
To vndo him euerlaſting, that's put home,

And

And make him hang in hell moſt ſeriouſly,
That ieaſted with an halter vpon me.

F. B. The blacke Knight? I muſt looke to my play then.

B. K. I bring faire greetings to your reuerend vertues,
From Cardinall *Paulus* your moſt princely kinſman.

F. B. Our princely kinſman ſayth thou? we accept em:
Pray keep your ſide and diſtance, I am chary
Of my Epiſcopall perſon:
I know the Knights walke in this Game too well,
He may ſlip ouer me, and where am I then?

B. Kt. There where thou ſhalt be
Shortly, if arte faile not.

The Letter.

Right Reuerend and noble (meaning me) *our true kinſman in affection, but alienated in blood, your vnkind diſobedience to the mother cauſe, proues the onely cauſe of your ill fortune at this time: My preſent remoone by generall election to the Papall dignity, had now auſpicioufly ſetled you in my* Sede vacante (now had it ſo) *which at my next remoone, by death might proued, your ſtep to ſupremacy.*

(Hah, all my bodies blood mounts to my face,
To looke vpon this letter.)

B. Kt. The pill workes with him,
Thinke on't ſeriouſly it is not yet too late then,
Through the ſubmiſſe acknowledgment
Of your diſobedience,
To be brotherly receiued into the louing
Boſome of the Conclaue.

F. B. This was the chayre of eaſe I euer aymed at,
Ile make a bonfire of my bookes immediatly
All, that are left againſt that ſide ile ſacrifice:
Packe vp my plate and goods, and ſteale away
By night at Water-gate: It is but penning
An other recantation, and inventing

Two

Two or three bitter bookes againſt the white houſe,
And then I'me at other ſide agen,
As firme as ere I was, as fat, and flouriſhing:
Blacke Knight, expect a wonder ere't belong,
Thou ſhalt ſee me one of the Blacke-houſe.

B. Kt. Your holineſſe is merry with the meſſenger,
Too happy to be true, you ſpeake what ſhould be,
If naturall compunction toucht you truely:
Oh you've drawn-blood, liue bood, the blood of honor
From your moſt deare primitiue mothers heart:
Your ſharpe inuectiues haue beene points of ſpeares
In her ſweete tender ſides, the vnkind wounds
Which the ſonne giues (a ſonne of reuerence ſpecially
They rankle ten times more, then the aduerſaries:
I tell you, ſir, your reuerend reuolt
Did giue the feare-fulleſt blow to adoration
Our cauſe ere felt, it ſhooke the very ſtatues,
The veines and aſhes of the Sainted ſleepers.

F. B. For beare, or I ſhall melt i'the place I ſtand,
And let forth a fat Biſhop in ſad ſyrrop:
Suffice I am yours, when they leaſt dreame on't,
Ambitious fodder, power and riches drawes me,
When I ſmell honor, that's the locke of hay,
That leads me throgh the worlds field euery way. *Ex.*

B. Kt. Here's a ſweet paune to propogate beleeſe on,
Like the foundation of a Chappell layd
Vpon a quagmire, I may number him now
Amongſt my inferior policies, and not ſhame em;
But let me a little ſolace my deſignes
With the remembrance of ſome braue ones paſt,
To cherriſh the futerrity of proiect,
Whoſe motion muſt be reſtleſſe till that great worke,
Cald the poſſeſſion of the world be ours:
Was it not procured a gallant fleete,
From the white Kingdome to ſecure our coaſts,

'Againſt

'Gainſt th'infidell Pyrats, vnder pretext
Of more neceſſities expedition,
Who made the Iayles flye open (without miracle)
And let the Locuſts out, thoſe dangerous flyes
Whoſe property's to burne Corne without touching
The Heretique Granaries, feele it to this minute;
And now they'ue got amongſt the Country crops,
They ſticke ſo faſt to the converted eares,
The lowdeſt tempeſt that authority rowzes,
Will hardly ſhake 'm off, they haue their dennes
In Ladies Coaches, their ſafe groues and fennes:
Nay were they followed and found out by th'ſcent
Palme, oyle will make a Purſeuant relent,
Whoſe policy was't to put a ſilenc't muzle,
On all the barking tong-men of the time:
Mad pictures that were dumb enough before,
Poore ſufferers in that politicke reſtraint?
(My light ſpleene skips, and ſhakes my ribs to thinke on't,
Whilſt our drift walkt vncenſured, but in thought
A whiſle or a whiſper, would be queſtioned,
In the moſt fortunate Angle in the World,
The Court has held the City by the Hornes,
Whilſt I haue milkt her: I haue got good ſoups too
From Countries for their liberties,
From ſome for their moſt vainly hop'd for preferments,
High offices in th'ayre, I ſhould not liue
But for this mell acrim, this mirth Manna: *Enter blacke*
My pawne? how now, the new's. *Knights pawne.*

B. Kt. p. Expect none very pleaſing
That comes (ſir) of my bringing, I'me ſo ſad.

B. Kt. Thy conſcience is ſo tender hoost a late,
Euery nayle pricke it.

B. Kt. p. This may pricke yours too,
If there be any quicke fleſh in a yard on't.

B. Kt. Mine, miſchiefe muſt finde a deepe nayle and a driuer,

Beyond the ſtrength of any Matchauile:
The politicke Kingdomes fatten to reach mine,
Prithy compunction needle pricke a little,
Vnbind this ſore wound.

B. Kt. p. Sir, your plots diſcouered.

B. Kt. Which of the twenty thouſand, nine hundreth
Threeſcore and fiue, canſt tell?

B. Kt. p. Bleſſe vs, ſo many?
How does poore Country-men haue but one plot
To Keepe a Gow on, yet in law for that,
You cannot 'em all ſure by their names (Sir.)

B. Kt. Yes, were the number trebled: thou haſt ſeene
A Globe ſtand on the table in my Cloſet.

B. Kt. p. A thing (ſir) drawne with Countries and hard words.

B. Kt. True, with lines drawne
Some Tropecall, ſome oblique.

B. Kt. p. I ſcarſe can read, I was brought vp in blindneſſe.

B. Kt. Iuſt ſuch a thing (if ere my ſcull be open'd)
Will my braines looke like.

B. Kt. p. Like a Globe of Countries.

B. Kt. I and ſome Maiſter politician,
That has ſharpe ſtate eyes will go neere to picke out
The plots and euery climate where they faſtned,
And will puzle em too.

B. Kt. p. I'me of your minde for that (ſir.)

B. Kt. Th'le find em too full vpon ſome countries,
The'd need vſe ſpectacles; but I turne to you now,
What plot is that diſcouered?

B. Kt. p. Your laſt bruite ſir,
Begot 'twixt the blacke Biſhop and your ſelfe,
Your ante-dated letters 'bout the Ieſuite.

B. Kt. Diſcouered, how?

B. Kt. p. The white Knights policy has out ſtript yours it ſeemes:
Ioyned with th'aſſiſtant Councell of this Duke:
The white Biſhops pawne vndertooke the iourney,

Who

Who as they ſay, diſcharged it like a flight,
I made him for the buſineſſe fit and light.

B. Kt. 'Tis but a bawdy pawne out of the way a little,
There's enough of them in all parts. *Enter both*

B. B. You haue heard all then. *Houſes.*

B. Kt. The wonders paſt with me, but ſome
Shall downe for't.

W. Ki. Set free that vertuous pawne from all her wrongs,
Let her be brought with honour to the face,
Of her malicious Aduerſary.

B. Kt. Good.

W. Ki. Noble chaſt Knight, a title of that Tander,
The greateſt Prince on earth without impeachment:
May haue the dignity of his worth comprized in,
This fayre deliuering act vertue will regiſter,
In that white booke of the defence of Virgins,
Where the cleare fame all preſeruing Knights,
Are to eternall memory conſecrated;
And wee embrace as partner of that honour,
This worthy Duke, the counſell of the act,
Whom wee ſhall euer place in our reſpect.

W. D. Moſt bleſſed of Kings, thron'd in all royall graces,
Euery good deed ſends backe it's owne rewards,
Into the boſome of the enterprizer;
But you to expreſſe your ſelfe as well to be
King of munificency, as integrety
Addes glory to the gift.

W. Ki. Thy deſerts clayme it,
Zeale and fidellity appeare, thou beauty
Of truth and innocence, beſt ornament
Of patience, thou that mad'ſt thy ſufferings glorious

B. Kt. Ile take no knowledge on't, what makes ſhe here?
How dares you pawne vnpennanc't, with a cheeke
Freſh as her falſe-hood yet, where caſtigation
Has left no pale print of her viſiting anguiſh,

Appeare in this aſſembly, let me alone,
Sinne muſt be bold, that's all the grace 'tis bound too.
W. Kt. What's this?
W. Ki. I'me' wonder ſtrocke.
W. Q. p. Aſſiſt me goodneſſe,
I ſhall to priſon againe.
B. Kt. At leaſt I'ue maz'd em,
Scattered by admiration of her innocence,
(As the fir'd ſhips put in, ſeuered the Fleete
In eighty eight) Ile on with't, impudence
Is miſchiefes patrimony, is his Iuſtice
Iniured reuerence no ſharplier righted,
I euer held that Maieſty impartiall,
That like vnequall, Heauen lookes on the manners,
Not on the ſhapes they ſhrowde in.
W. Ki. This blacke Knight
Will neuer take any anſwere, 'tis a victory
To make him vnderſtand, he does amiſſe,
When he knowes in his owne cleare vnderſtanding,
That he does nothing elſe, ſhew him the teſtimony
Confirmed by good men, how that foule attempter,
Got but this morning to the place from whence
He dated his forged lines ſix daies paſt.
B. Kt. Why may not the corruption ſleep in this,
By ſome connivence, as you haue walkt in ours,
By too raſh confidence.
W. D. Ile vndertake
That Knight ſhall teach the diuell how to lye.
W. Kt. If ſinne were halfe ſo wiſe as impudent,
She'de neere ſeeke farther for an aduocate. *Ex. B. Q. p.*
B. Q. p. Now to act treachery with an angels tong,
Since all ours come out, ile bring him in ſtrongly agen.
Where is his iniur'd chaſtity? this goodneſſe
Whoſe worth no tranſitory prize can equall,
This rocke of conſtant, and inuinceable vertue,

That

That made ſinnes tempeſt weary of his fury.
B. Q. What is my pawne deſtracted?
B. Kt. I thinke rather
Ther's ſome notable Maiſter-prize of rogary,
This drumme ſtrikes vp for.
B. Q. p. Let me fall with reuerence,
Before this bleſſed Altar.
B. Q. This is madneſſe.
B. Kt. Marke the end, I ſtand for rogary ſtill,
I will not change my ſide.
B. Q. p. I ſhall be tax'd I know,
I care not what the blacke houſe thinkes of me.
B. Q. What ſay you now?
B. Kt. I will not be vnlayed yet.
B. Q. p. How euer cenſure flies, I honor ſanctity,
That is my obiect I intend no other,
I ſaw this glorious, and moſt valiant vertue,
Fight the moſt nobleſt combat with the diuell.
B. Q. If both the Biſhops had been there for ſeconds
T'ad beene a compleate Diuell.
W. Ki. Then thou heardſt the violence intended?
B. Q. p. Tis a truth, I ioy to iuſtifie I was an agent
On vertues part, and rayſ'd that confuſed noyſe,
That ſtarted his attempt and gaue her liberty.
W. Q. p. Oh 'tis a righteous ſtory ſhe has told (Sir)
My life and fame ſtands mutually engage,
Both to the truth and goodneſſe of this pawne.
W. Ki. Does it appeare to you, yet cleare as the Sun.
B. Kt. Laſſe I beleeued it long before 'twas done.
B. Ki. Degenerate.
B. Q. Baſe.
B. B. Perfidious.
B. D. Traytrous pawne.
B. Q. p. What are you all beſides your ſelues?
B. Kt. But I remember that pawne.

B. Q. p.

B. Q. p. May a fearefull barrenneſſe,
Blaſt both my hopes and pleaſures, if I brought not
Her ruine in my pitty, a new trap
For her more ſure confuſion.

B. Kt. Haue I not won now,
Did not I ſay 'twas craft, and machiuation?
I ſmell conſpiracie all the way it went,
Although the meſſe were couered I'me ſo vſ'd to't.

B. Ki. That queene would I faine finger.

B. Kt. You are too haſty (ſir)
If ſhee were tooke the Game would be ours quickly,
My aymes at that white Knight, t'entrap him firſt,
The Duke will follow too.

B. B. Would that Biſhop were in my Dioceſſe,
I'de ſoone change his whiteneſſe.

B. Kt. (Sir) I could whip you vp a pawne imediatly,
I know where my game ſtands.

B. Ki. Do't ſuddainly,
Aduantage leaſt muſt not be loſt in this play.

B. Kt. Pawne, thou art ours.

W. Kt. He's taken by default,
By wilfull negligence, gard the ſacred perſons,
Looke well to the white Biſhop, for that pawne
Gaue guard to the queene, and him in the third place.

B. Kt. See what ſure peece you locke your confidence in,
I made this pawne heere by corruption ours,
As ſoone as honour by creation yours,
The whiteneſſe vpon him is but the leaproſly
Of pure diſſemulation: view him now,
His heart and his intents are of our colour.

His vpper garment being taken off he appeares black vnder.

W. Ki. Moſt dangerous Hypocrite.

W. D. One made againſt vs.

W. Q. This truth of his complection.

W. Ki. Has my goodneſſe,
Clemency, loue, and fauour gracious rayſ'd thee

From

From a condition next to popular labour,
Tooke thee from all the dubitable hazards
Of Fortune? her moſt vnſecure aduentures?
And grafted thee into a branch of honour,
And doſt thou fall from the top bough by the rottenneſſe
Of thy alone corruption, like a fruite
That's ouer-ripned by the beames of fauour,
Let thy owne weight reward thee. I haue forgot thee,
Integrity of life is ſo deare to me,
Where I finde falſhood, or a crying treſpaſſe,
Be it in any whom our grace ſhines moſt on,
I'de teare em from my heart.

VV. B. Spoke like Heauens ſubſtitute.

W. K. You haue him, we can ſpare him, and his ſhame
Will make the reſt looke better to their Game.

B. *Kt.* The more cunning we muſt vſe then.

B. *Kt.* Wee ſhall match you,
(Play how you can) perhaps, and make you too.

F. B. Is there ſo much amazement ſpent on him
That's but halfe blacke, there might be hope of that man;
But how will this houſe wonder, if I ſtand forth
And ſhew a whole one, inſtantly diſcouer
One that's all blacke, where there's no hope at all.

VV. Kt. Ile ſay, thy heart then iuſtifies thy bookes,
I long for that diſcouery.

F. B. Looke no farther then,
Beare witneſſe all the houſe I am the man,
And turne my ſelfe into the blacke houſe freely,
I am of this ſide now.

W. Kt. Monſter neere match him.

B. *Kt.* This is your noble worke Knight.

B. *Kt.* Now Ile halter him.

F. B. Next newes you heare, expect my bookes againſt you,
Printed at *Doway. Bruxells*, or *Spolleta.*

VV. Kt. See his goods ſeaz'd on.

F. B.

F. B. Laſſe, they were all conueyed
Laſt night by water-gate, to a Taylors houſe:
A friend of the Blacke houſe.
W. Ki. A prepared Hypocrite.
W. D. Premeditated turne-coate. *Exeunt.*
F. B. Yes, rayle on,
Ile reach you in my writings when I'me gone.
B. Kt. Flatter him a while with honors till we put him
Vpon ſome dangerous ſeruice, and then burne him.
B. Ki. This came vnlookt for.
B. D. How wee ioy to ſee you.
F. B. Now Ile diſcouer all the white houſe to you.
B. D. Indeed that will both reconcile and prayſe you.
W. Kt. p. I reſt vpon you knight for my aduancement now,
B. K. Oh for the ſtaffe, the ſtrong ſtaffe that will hold,
And the red hat fit for the guilty mazure,
Into the empty bagge, know the firſt way,
Pawnes that are loſt, are euer out of play.
W. K. p. How's this ?
B. Kt. No replication, you know me,
No doubt e're long you'le haue more company,
The bagge is big enough t'wil hold vs all. *Ex.*
W. Q. p. I ſue to thee, prethee be one of vs,
Let my ſoue winne thee, thou haſt don truth this day,
And yeſterday my honor noble ſeruice.
The beſt Pawne of our houſe, could traſend it not.
B. Q. p. My pitty ſtand with zeale eſpecially,
When I foreſaw your marriage, then I amounted.
W. Q. p. How ? marriage?
B. Q. p That contaminating Art,
Would haue ſpoyld all your fortunes, a rape God bleſſe vs.
W. Q. p. Thou talkeſt of marriage.
B. Q. p. Yes, yes, you do marry,
I ſaw the man.
W. Q. p. The man.

B. Q. p.

B. Q. p. An abſolute handſome Gentleman, a compleat one,
You'de ſay ſo when you ſee him, heire to three red hats,
Beſides his generall hopes in the blacke houſe.
W. Q. p. Sure thou art miſtaken, for this man
I haue promiſt ſingle life to all my affections.
B. Q. p. Promiſe you what you will, or I, or all's one,
There's fate rules vs, and ouer rules vs all me thinkes.
W. Q. p. How came you to ſee or know this miſtery.
B. Q. p. A Magicall glaſſe I bought of an Egyptian,
Whoſe ſtone retaines that ſpeculatiue vertue,
Preſented the man to me, your name brings him
As often as I vſe it, and me thinkes
I neuer haue enough perſon and poſtures:
Are all ſo pleaſing.
W. Q. p. This is wondrous ſtrange,
The faculties of ſoule are ſtill the ſame,
I cannot feele one motion tend that way.
B. Q. p. We doe not alwayes ſeeke, the faith wee liue by,
Nor euer ſee our growth, yet both worke vpward.
W. Q. p. It was well applied, but may I ſee him too.
B Q. p. Surely you may, without all doubt or feare,
Obſeruing the right vſe as I was taught it,
Not looking backe, nor queſtioning the ſpecter.
W. Q. p. That's no hard obſeruation, truſt it
With me, is't poſſible, I long to ſee this man.
B. Q. p. Pray follow me then,
And Ile eaſe you inſtantly. *Exeunt.*

Enter blacke Ieſting Pawne.

B. I. p. I would ſo faine take one of theſe white pawnes now.
I'de make him do all vnder drudgery,
Feede him with aſhes, milke, cromb'd with Goates cheeſe;
And all the white meates can be deuiſed for him,
So make him my white Iennet when I prance it,
After the blacke knights litter.
W. p. You'd looke then,

Iuſt like the Diuell ſtriding ouer a night mare,
Made of a Millers daughter.

B. p. A pox on you, were you ſo nigh, I'me taken
Like a Blacke-bird in the great ſnow, this white
Pawne grinning ouer me.

W. p. And now becauſe I will not foule my clothes
Euer hereafter? for white quickly ſoyles you know.

B. p. I prethe get thee gone,
Then I ſhall ſmut thee.

W. Q. p. Ile put that to venture, now I haue
Snapt thee, thou ſhalt do all the durty drugery,
That ſlauery was euer put too.

B. p. I ſhall couſen you,
You may chance come and finde your worke vndone,
For I'me too proud to labour, ile ſtarue firſt,
I tell you that before hand.

W. p. I will fit you then with a blacke
Whip, that ſhall not be behind hand.

B. p. Piſh, I haue beene vſed to whipping,
I haue whipt my ſelfe three miles out of Towne
In a morning, I can faſt a fortnight, and
Make all your meate ſtinke, and lye vpon your hands.

W. p. To preuent that, your foode ſhall be
Blacke berries, and vpon gaudie dayes a pickled
Spider cut out like Anchouis: I'me not to
Learne a monthes ordinary, come ſir, will you firke. *En. a ſecond*

2. *B p.* Soft, ſoft you, you haue no ſuch *blacke pawne.*
Bargaine on't, if you looke well about you.

W. p. I'me ſnapt too, a blacke
Pawne in the breech of me:
Wee three looke like a bird ſpit, a white Chick
Betweene two ruſſet Wood-cockes.

B. p. I'me glad of this.

W. p. But you ſhall haue ſmall cauſe, for ile firke you.

2. *B. p.* And ile firke you agen.

W. p.

W. p. And Ile firke you againe.
B. p. Mas here will be old firking, I ſhall
Haue the worſt on't, for I can firke no body,
Wee draw together now for all the world,
Like three flies with one ſtraw throgh their buttocks.

Enter blacke Q. p. and White Q. p.

B. Q. p. This is the roome he did appeare to me in,
And looke you, this the Magicall glaſſe, that ſhew'd him.
W. Q. p. I finde no motion yet, what ſhould I
Thinke on't? a ſuddaine feare inuades me,
A faint trembling vnder this omen
As oft felt the panting of a Turtle,
Vnder a ſtroaking hand.
B. *Q. p.* That boads good lucke ſtill,
Signe you ſhall chang ſtate ſpeedily: for that trembling
Is alwayes the firſt ſymptome of a bride,
For any vaine feares that may accompany
His apparition, by my truth to friendſhip
I quite you of the leaſt, neuer was obiect
More gracefully preſented, the very ayre
Conſpires to doe him honor, and treats
Sweete vocall ſinne as if a bride-groome enters:
Which argues the bleſt harmony of your loues.
W. p. And will the vſing of my name produce him,
B. p. Nay of yours only, els the wonder halted,
To cleare you of that doubt: ile put the difference
In practiſe, the firſt thing I do, and make
His inuocation in the name of others.
W. Q. p. That will ſatiſfie me much.
B. Q. p. It ſhall be done.

Thou with gentle forme and face,
Fil'd lately this Egypted Glaſſe,
By th'emperious powerfull name,
And the Vniuerſall fame,
Of the mighty blacke Honſe Queene,

I coniure thee to be ſeene.
What ſee you nothing yet?
W. Q. p. Not any part: Pray try another.
B. Q. p. You ſhall haue your will;
I double my commaund and power,
And at the inſtant of this houre:
Invoke thee in the white queenes name,
With ſtay for time, and ſhape the ſame.
What ſee you yet?
W. Q. p. There's nothing ſhewes at all.
B. Q. p. My truth reflects the clearer.
Then now fix and bleſſe your fayre eye,
With your owne for euer.
Thou well compoſd by fates hand drawne,
To enioy the white Queenes Pawne,
Of whom thou ſhalt (by vertue meete)
Many gracefull iſſues get:
By the beauty of her fame,
By the whiteneſſe of her name,
By her faire and fruitfull loue,
By her truth that mates the Doue,
By the meekneſſe of her minde,
By the ſoftneſſe of her kinde,
By the luſture of her grace,
By all theſe thou'rt ſummond to this place.
Harke how the ayre inchanted with your prayſes,
And his approach this words to ſweet notes rayſes. *Enter B. p. in rich attire like an Aparitian, & ſtands before the glaſſe then Exit.*
W. Q. p. Oh let him ſtay a while, a little longer.
B. Q. p. Thats a good hearing.
W. Q. p. If he be mine, why ſhold he part ſo ſoone?
B. Q. p. Why, this is but the ſhadow of yours:
How do you?
W. Q. p. Oh, I did ill to giue conſent to ſee it,
What certainty is in our bloods our ſtates?
What we ſtill write is blotted out by fates:

Our

Our wills are like a cauſe that is Law-toſt,
What one Court orders, is by another croſt.
B. *Q. p.* I find no fit place for this paſſion heere,
Tis meerely an intruder, he is a Gentleman,
Moſt wiſhfully compoſed, honor growes on him,
And wealth pil'd vp for him, has youth enough too,
And yet in the ſobriety of his Countenance,
Graue as a Tetrach, which is gracious
Ith' eye of modeſt pleaſure, where's the emptineſſe,
What can you more requeſt.
W. Q. p. I doe not know
What anſwere yet to make, it doth require,
A meeting 'twixt my feare and my deſire.
B. *Q. p.* Shee's caught, and which is ſtrong, by her moſt (wronger,

Finit Actus Tertius.

Incipit Quartus.

Enter Blacke Knights Pawne, *and*
Blacke Biſhops *Pawne.*

B. Kt. P.

THE Ieſuit in his gallant habit,
Tis he my Confeſſor, he might haue paſſ'd me
Seauen yeares together, had I not by chance
Aduane'd mine eye vpon that lettered Hat bond:
The Ieſuiticall ſymbale to be worne,
By the braue Colledgians with conſent,
Tis a ſtrange habit for a holy Father,
A preſident of pouerty eſpecially:
But wee the ſonnes and daughters of Obedience,
Dare not once think awry, but muſt confeſſe our ſelues

As humble to the father of that feather,
Long ſpeare and ponyard, as to the Abbey and Alter,
And happy we are ſo highly grac'd t'attaine to't,
Holy and reuerend.

B. B. p. How has found me out?

B. Kt. p. Oh (ſir) put on the ſparklingſt trim of glory,
Perfection will ſhine for moſt, and I know you
By the Catholicall marke you weare about you,
The marke aboue your fore-head.

B. B. p. Are you growne
So ambitious in your obſeruance: well, your buſineſſe,
I haue my Game to follow.

B. Kt. p. I haue a worme
Followes me, ſo that I can follow no game,
The moſt faint hearted pawne, if hee could ſee
His play might ſnap me vp at pleaſure:
I deſire (ſir) to be abſolued, my conſcience
Being at eaſe, I could then with more courage
Play my Game.

B. B. p. 'Twas a baſe fact.

B. Kt. p. 'Twas to a Schiſamticke pawne (ſir.)

B. B. p. What's that to the ability of reuenge
Suffices I haue neither will nor power
To giue you abſolution for that violence,
Make your petition to the penance Chamber,
If the Taxe Regeſter relieue you in't,
By the black Biſhops clemencie you hau'wroght out,
A ſingle peece of fauour with your money,
It's all your refuge now. *Ent. w. Q. and*

B. Kt. p. This ſting ſhootes deeper. *B. Q. pawne.*

B. B. p. Yonder's my Game, which like apoletick Cheſſner,
I muſt not ſeeme to ſee.

W. Q. p. Oh my heart.

B. Q. p. That 'tis.

W. Q. p. The very ſame that the Magicall

Preſented

Preſented lately vnto mee.

B. Q. p. And how like
A moſt regardleſſe ſtranger hee walkes by,
Meerely ignorant of this fate, you are not indeede
The principall'ſt part of him, what ſtrange miſteries
Inſcrutable loue workes by.

W. Q. p. The time you ſee,
Is not yet come.

B. Q. p. But 'tis in our power now
To bring time neerer, knowledge is a maſterie,
And make it obſerue vs, and not wee it.

W. Q. p. I would force nothing
From it's proper vertue,
Let time haue his full courſe. I'de rather die
The modeſt death of vndiſcouered loue,
You haue heau'ns leaſt and loweſt ſeruant ſuffer,
Or in his motion receiue checke for me:
How is my ſoules growth altar'd that ſingle life,
The fitteſt garment that peace ere made for't
Is growne too ſtreight, too ſtubborne on the ſuddain.

B. Q. p. Hee comes this way agen.

W. Q. p. Oh there's a Traytor
Leapt from my heart into my cheeke all ready,
That will betray all to his powerfull eye,
If it but glance vpon me.

B. Q. p. By my verity
Looke, he's paſt by agen, downe in neglect
Without the proſperous hin't of ſo much happineſſe
To looke vppon his fortune, how cloſe fate
Seales vp the eye of humaine vnderſtanding,
Till like the Sunnes flower, time and loue incloſes it,
'Tis pitty he ſhould dweell in ignorance longer.

W. Q. p. What will you do?

B. *Q. p.* Yes, dye a baſhfull death, doe
And let the remedie paſſe by vnuſ'd skill,

You

Yourre chain'd enough all ready, looke into't,
Abſolute (Sir) with your moſt noble pardon,
For this my rude intruſion, I am bold
To bring the knowledge of a ſecret neerer,
By many daies (ſir) then would it arriue,
In its owne proper reuelation with you,
Pray turne and fix, doe you know yon'd noble goodneſſe.

B. B. p. Tis the firſt minute my eye bleſt me with her,
And clearely ſhewes how much my knowledge wanted,
Not knowing her till now.

B. Q. p. She's to be lik'd then,
Pray view aduiſedly, there's ſtrong reaſon,
That I'me ſo bold to vrge it, you muſt gueſſe
The worke concernes you neerer then you thinke for.

B. B. p. Her glory, and the wonder of this ſecret,
Puts a recipicall amazement on me.

B. B. p. And tis not without worth,
You two muſt be better acquainted.

B. B. p. Is their cauſe affinity,
Or any couetous helpe creation ioyes in,
To bring that worke forward.

B. Q. p. Yes, yes, I can ſhew you,
The neereſt way to that perfection,
Of a moſt vertuous one, that ioy ere found,
Pray marke her once agen you follow me,
And I will ſhew you her, muſt be your wife (ſir.)

B. B. p. The miſtery exceeds, or els creation,
Has ſet that admirable peece before vs,
To chuſe out chaſte delight by.

B. Q. p. Pleaſe you follow (Sir.)

B. B. p. What heart haue you to put in on one obiect,
And cannot get me off? tis paine to part from't. *Exit.*

W. Q. p. If there proue no cheek in the Magick glaſſe,
But by proportion come as faire, and full
Into his eyes as his into mine lately,

You I'me confirmed he is mine for euer. *Enter agen B.B.p.*

B.B.p. The very ſelfe ſame that my mirror bleſt me, with
From head to foote, the beauty and the habit,
Kept you this place? ſtill did not you remooue Lady.

W.Q.p. Not a foote (ſir.)

B.Q.p. Is't poſſible,
I would haue ſworne I'de ſeene the ſubſtance yonder,
'Twas to that luſtre, to that life preſented.

W.Q.p. Euen ſo was yours to me (ſir.)

B.B.p. Pawne, ſaw you mine.

W.Q.p. Perfectly cleare, no
Sooner my name vſed, but yours appeared.

B.B.p. Iuſt ſo did yours at mine now.

B.Q.p. Why ſtand you idle, will you let time
Couſen you, (protracting time) of thoſe
Delicious benefits, that faith marked to you,
You modeſt paire of bluſhing,
Gameſters, and you (Sir) the baſhfull
I cannot flatter a foule fault in any,
Can you be more then man and wife aſſigne,
And by a power the moſt irreuocable,
Others that be adventurers in delight,
May meete with croſſes, ſhame or ſeperation
You know the mind of fate, you muſt be coupled.

B.B.p. Shee ſpeakes but truth in this,
I ſee no reaſon then,
That wee ſhould miſſe the relliſh of this night;
But wee are both ſhame-fac't.

W.Q.p. How this night (Sir)
Did not I know you muſt be mine, and therein
Your priuiledge runnes ſtrong, for that looſe motion
You neuer ſhould be, is it not by fortune
To match with a pure minde, then am I miſerable,
The Doues and all chaſt louing, winged creatures
Haue their paires fit, their deſires iuſtly

Mated is woman, more infortunate, virgin?
The (may of woman) fate has ordayned (Sir)
We ſhould be man and wife, has not giuen
Warrant for ayme act of knowledge till
We are ſo.

B. B. p. Tender ey'd modeſty, how it grieues at this,
I'me as farre off for all this, ſtrange impoſture,
As at firſt enter-view, where lies our game now?
You know I cannot marry by my order.

B. Q. p. I know you cannot (ſir) yet you
May venture on a contract.

B. B. p. Hah!

B. Q. p. Sure you may (ſir,)
Without all queſtion ſo farre, without danger
Or any ſtaine to your vow, and that make take her:
Nay do't with ſpeede, ſheele thinke you
Meane the better too.

B. B. p. Be not ſo lauiſh of that bleſſed ſpring,
You'ue waſted that vpon a cold occaſion now,
Would waſh a ſinfull ſoule white by our loue ioyes,
That motion ſhall neere light vpon my tongue more,
Till we're contracted, then I hope your mine.

W. Q. p. In all iuſt duty euer.

B. Q. p. Then doe you queſtion it?
Piſh, then you're man and wife,
All but Church Ceremonies:
Pray let's ſee it done firſt,
She ſhall do reaſon then:
Now ile enioy the ſport, and couſen you both,
My bloods game is the wages I haue
Workt for. *Exe.*

Enter blacke Knight and his pawne.

B. *Kt.* Pawne, I haue ſpoke to the Fat biſhop for thee,
Ile get thy abſolution from his owne mouth:
Reach me my Chayre of eaſe, my Chaire of couſonage

Seauen.

Seauen thouſand pounds in women, reach me that
I loue a life to ſit vppon a banke
Of Heretique gold: Oh ſoft and gentle (ſirrah)
There's a foule flaw i'th bottom of my bum (pawne)
I neere ſhall make ſound ſouldier, but ſound treacher
With any hee in *Europe*, how now? quality
Thou haſt the paultreſt foole that ere I met with,
It cannot beare one ſuckling villaine:
Mine can digeſt a monſter without credit,
A ſinne as weighty as an Elephant,
And neuer wamble for't.

B. Kt. p. I, you haue beene vſ'd to't (ſir)
That's a great helpe, the ſwallow of my conſcience
Has but a narrow paſſage, you muſt thinke yet
It lyes i'th pænitent pipe, and will not downe,
If I had got ſeauen thouſand pounds by Offices
And guld downe you, the bore would haue bin bigger.

B. Kt. Nay, an thou prou'ſt factious, I ſhall hug thee,
Can a poore-pocht-ſoft reare iniquity
So rude vpon thy conſcience, I'me aſham'd of thee,
Hadſt thou betrayed the witneſſe to the blacke,
Beggard a Kingdome by diſſimulation,
Vnioynted the faire frame of peace, and grafficke
Poyſon'd alleagance, ſet faith backe and wrought
Weomens ſoft ſoules euen vp to the maſculine malice,
To purſue truth to death if the cauſe rowz'd em,
That ſtaires and parets as firſt taught to curſe thee:
All theſe and ten times troubled has this braine
Bin parent too, they are my off-ſprings all.

B. Kt. p. A goodly broode.

B. Kt. Yet I can jeſt as lightly,
Laugh and tell ſtrange ſtories to Court Madames,
(Daughters of my ſeducements) with alacrity,
As high and heartily, as youths time of innocence
That neuer knew a ſinne, to ſhape a ſorrow by;

I feele no tempeſt, not a leafe winde ſtirring,
To ſhake a fault, my conſcience is be calm'd rather,
B. Kt. p. I'me ſure there's a Whirle-winde huffes in mine.
B. *Kt.* Sirrah, I ha ſold the Groome ath ſtoole ſix times,
And receiued money of ſix ſeuerall Ladies:
Ambitious to take place of *Baronets* wiues
To three old money Matrons I haue promiſ'd,
The mother ſhip oth maydes, I'ue taught our friends
To conueigh white houſe gold, to our blacke kingdom
In cold backt paſties, ſo couſen Searchers:
For venting halbow'd oyle, beades, needles, pardons,
Pictures, veronices, beads in priuate preſſes,
That's done one i'th habit of a Pedler:
Letters conuaied in roles, Tobaco-roles:
When a reſtraint comes, by my politicke counſell;
Some of our Ieſuites turne Gentle-men Vſhers:
Some Falkners, ſome park-keeper, & ſome huntſ-men:
One tooke the ſhape of an old Ladies Cooke once,
And diſpatcht two chares in a ſunday morning.
The Altar and the Dreſſer: pray what vſe
Put I my ſummer recreation too?
But more t'enforme my knowledge in the ſtate
And ſtrength of the white Kingdome? no fortifications,
Hauen, Creeke, landing place, 'bout the white Coaſt,
But I got draught, and plot-forme, learn'd the depth
Of all the Channels, knowledge of all ſands,
Shelues, Rockes and Riuers for inuaſion:
A Catalogue of all the Nauy Royall:
The burthen of each ſhippe, the braſſe murtherers:
The number of the men, to what cape bound:
Agen for the diſcouery of the Inlands:
Neuer a Shire but the State better knowne
To me, then to her beſt Inhabitants:
What power of men and horſe, gentries, reuenewes,
Who well affected to your ſide, how ill,

Who

Who neither will nor ill,all th: new trality.
Thirty eight ſoules haue bin ſeduced (Pawne)
Since the Ioales vomited with the Pill I gaue 'em.
B.K.p. Sure you put oyle of toad into the phiſick (ſir)
B. Kt. I'me now about a maiſter-peece of play,
To entrap the Wh.Knight, and with falſe alurements,
Entice him to our Black Houſe,more will follow,
Whilſt our Fat Biſhop ſets vpon the Queene
Then will our game ly ſweetly. *Enter Fat Biſhop.*
B. Kt.p. Hee's come now (ſir)
F. B. Heer's *Taxa Penitentiaris* Knight,
The booke of generall pardons, of all prizes :
I haue bin ſearching for his ſinne this halfe houre,
And cannot light vpon it.
B. Kt. That is ſtrange let me ſee it.
B.*K.p.* Wretched as I am,ha's my rage done that
There is no preſident of pardon for ?
B. Kt. For wilfull murder 13.pounds, 4.ſhillings,
and ſixe-pence, that's reaſonable cheape, for killing,
killing,killing,killing,killing,killing.
Why heer's nothing but killing of this ſide.
F. B. Turne 'ore the ſheete,you ſhal finde adultery
And other triuiall ſinnes.
B. *Kt.* Adultery,oh I'me met now, for Adultery
A couple of ſhillings,and for Fornication fiue pence,
Mas theſe are the good penny-worths,
I cannot ſee how a man can mend himſelfe, for lying
With Mother,Siſter,or Daughter,I marry (ſir)
Thirty three pounds,three ſhilling,and three pence,
The ſins gradation right payd all in threestoo.
F. *B.* You haue read the ſtory of that monſter (ſir)
That got his daughter,ſiſter & wife,of his own mother
B. Kt. Symone nine pounds.
F. B. They may thank me for that,t'was ninteene,
Before I came,I haue mittigated many of the ſumms.

B. Kt. Sodomy ſixe pence, you ſhould haue
Put that ſumme euer on the back ſide of your booke
Biſhop.

F. B. Ther's few on's very forward (ſir).

B *Kt.* What's heere? a old preſidents of incouragmene.

F. B. I thoſe are ancient notes.

B. Kt Giuen as a gratitud for the kiling of an Heretical
Prince, with a poyſond knife duckats 5 thouſand.

F. *B.* True (ſir) that was payed.

B. *Kt.* Promis'd to Doctor *Lopus* for poyſoning the
Mayden Queene of the Whit Kingdom, ducats twenty
thouſand, which ſayd ſum was afterwards giuen as a
meritorious almes to the Nunnery at *Lisbone*, hauing
at this preſent, ten thouſand pounds more at vſe in the
Towne-houſe of *Antwerp*.

B. *Kt. p.* What's all this to my conſcience (worthy Holineſſe)
I ſue for pardon, I haue brought mony with me.

F. *B.* You muſt depart, you ſee there is no preſident,
Of any price or pardon for that fact.

B. *K. p.* Moſt miſerable, are fouler ſinnes remitted?
Killing, nay wilfull murder.

F. B. True, there is inſtance:
Were yon to kill him I'de pardon you:
Ther's preſident for that, and price ſet downe,
But none for *Gelding*.

B. *Kt. p.* I haue pickt out vnderſtanding now for euer,
Out of the Carbuliſtique bloody ridle,
I'le make away all my eſtate and kill him,
And by that act obtaine full abſolution. *Exit.*

Enter the Black King.

B. Ki. Why Biſhop, Knight, wher's your remooues?
Your troopes? ſtand you now idle in the heart of game?

B. *Kt.* My life for yours black ſoueraigne the game is ours,
I haue wrought vnder-hand for the Whit Knight,
And this braue Duke, and finde them very cunning

F. B.

F. *B.* And for their Sanctimonius Queen's ſurpizall,
In that State-puzell, and diſtracted hurry,
Truſt my *Arch* ſubtilty with.
B. Kt. Oh Eagle pride,
Neuer was Game more hopefull of our ſide.
B. *Kt.* If Biſhop bul-beiſe, be not ſnapt at next bout,
As the Game ſtands, I'le neuer truſt arte more. *Exeunt*
Recorder.

Dumb ſhew.

Enter Blacke Queenes Pawne with a light, conducting the White Queenes Pawne to a Chamber, and fetching in the Blacke Biſhops Pawne conueyes him to an other, puts out the light, and followes.

Enter Whit Knight, and White Duke.

VV. Kt. True noble Duke, faire vertues moſt indeer'd one,
Let vs preuent their ranke inſinuation,
With truth of cauſe, and cunning meet their plots:
With confident goodnes, that ſhal ſtrike them grauling.
VV. D. (Sir) all the Gyns, traps, and alluring ſnares,
The Diuell ha's bin at worke ſince eighty eight,
Are layd for the great hope of this Game onely.
W. Kt. The more noble will Truths triumphs bee,
When they haue wound about our conſtant courages,
The glittering ſerpent, that e're falſe-hood faſhoned;
And glorying moſt, in his reſplendent poyſons,
Iuſt Heauen can finde a bolt to bruiſe his head.
VV. D. Looke would ſee deſtruction lie a ſunning?
In yonder ſmile ſits blood, and treachery basking, *Ent.*
In that perfidious modell of face falſehood. B. *Kt.*
Hell is drawne grinning.
VV. K. What a payne it is
For Truth to faine a little?
B. *Kt.* Oh faire Knight,
The riſing glory of the Houſe of *Candor*,
Haue I ſo many proteſtations loſt?

Loſt

Loſt, loſt, quite loſt, am I not worth your confidence?
I that haue vowed the faculties of Soule,
Life, ſpirit, and braine, to your ſweete Game of youth,
(Your noble fruitfull Game) can you miſtruſt
Any foule play in me? that haue bin euer
The moſt ſubmiſſe obſeruers of your vertues,
And no way taunted with ambition.
(Saue onely to be thought your firſt admirer,
How often haue I chang'd (for your delight)
The Royall Preſentation of my place?
Into a minicke Ieſter, and and become
(For your ſake, and the expulſion of ſad thoughts)
Of a great ſtate fice, a light ſonne of paſtime,
Made three ſcore yeare a Tomboy, a meere wanton,
Ile tell you what I told a (*Sauoy*) dame once:
New Wed, high, plumph, and luſting for an iſſue,
Within the yeare I promis'd her a childe,
If ſhe would ſtride ouer (Saint *Rumbants*) breeches,
A relique kept at *Methlin*, the next morning
One of my followers old hoſe was conueyed
Into her chamber, where ſhe tride the feate,
By that, and a Court friend, after grew great.

VV. Kt. Why who could be without thee?

B. Kt. I will change,
To pleaſe you, to any ſhape, and my ayme
H'as bin to win your loue, in all this game.

W. Kt. Thou haſt it nobly, and I long to ſee,
The *Black-houſe* pleaſure, ſtate and dignitie.

B.K. Of honor you'le ſo ſurfet and delight,
You'le nere deſire agen to ſee the Whit. *Exeunt.*

Enter Whit Queene.

VV. Q. My luoe, my hope, my deereſt, oh he's gon,
Entrapt, enſnard, ſurpriſed amongſt the black on's,
I neuer felt extremity like this,
Thicke darkneſſe dwels vpon this houre, Integrity

Like

Like one of Heauens bright Luminaries now,
By errors dulleſt element interpoſe,
Suffers a blacke eccliplſe, I neuer was
More ſicke of loue then now I am of horror:
I ſhalbe taken, the games loſt, I'me ſet vppon:
Oh tis the turne-coate Biſhop, hauing watched
Th'advantage of his play, comes now to ſeize on me:
Oh! I'me hard be ſet, diſtreſſed moſt miſerable.

F. B. Tis in vaine to ſtirre, remooue which way you can:
I take you now, this is the time we haue hop'd for,
Queene you muſt downe.

W. Q. No reſcue, no deliuerer.

F. B. The blacke Kings blood burnes for thy proſtitution,
And nothing but the ſpring of thy chaſt vertue
Can coole his inflamation: inſtantly
He dyes vpon a plurifie of Luxury,
If he deflowre thee not. *Enter white Biſhop.*

W. Q. Oh ſtreight of miſery.

VV. B. And is your holineſſe his diuine procurer?

F. B. The diuells in't, I'me taken by a Ring-doue:
VVhere ſtood this Biſhop all this while, that I ſaw him not?

W. B. Oh you were ſo ambitious you lookt ouer me,
You aym'd at no leſſe perſon, then the Queene
(The glory of the Game) if ſhe were wonne,
The way were open to the Maſter-Checque,
Which (looke you) he and his, liues to giue you:
Honor and vertue guide him in his ſtation. *Ent. VV. King.*

W. Q. Oh, my ſafe ſanctuary.

VV. Ki. Let Heauens bleſſings
Be no longer mine, then I am thy ſure one:
The Doues houſe is not ſafer in the Rocke,
Then thou in my firme boſome.

VV. Q. I am bleſſ'd in't.

VV. Ki. Is it that lumpe of ranke ingratitude,
Swell'd with the poyſon of Hypocriſie:

Could he be ſo malicious, h'as pertaken
Of the ſweet fertile bleſſings of our Kingdome, Biſhop
Thou haſt done our White Houſe gracious ſeruice,
And worthy the faire reuerence of thy place:
For (thee black Holineſſe) that workes out thy death,
As the blind Moale the prop'reſt ſonne of earth,
Who in caſting his ambitious hills vp,
Is often taken and deſtroyed in the midſt
Of his aduanc'd worke: 'twere well with thee,
If like that verminous labourer, which thou imitateſt
In hils of pride and malice, when death puts thee vp,
The ſilent graue might prooue the bag for euer:
No deeper pit then that for thy vaine hope
Of the white Knight, and his moſt firme aſſiſtant,
Two princely peeces, which I know thy thoughts
Giue loſt for euer now, my ſtrong aſſurance
Of their fixt vertues, could you let in ſeas
Of populous vntruthes againſt that Fort,
'Twould burſt the proudeſt billowes.

W. Q. My feare's paſt then.

W. K. Feare? you were neuer guilty of an injury
To goodneſſe, but in that.

W. Q. It ſtayd not with me (ſir.)

W. K. It was too much, if it vſurp'd a thought,
Place a ſtrong guard there.

W. Q. Confidence is ſet (ſir.)

W K. Take that prize hence (you reuerend of men)
Put couetouſnes into the bag againe.

F. B. The Bag had need be ſound, or it goes to wracke,
Sinne and my weight will make a ſtroog one cracke.

Finit Actus Quartus.

Incipit Quintus, et Vltimus.

Enter the Blacke Knight in his Litter, as paſſing in haſt ouer the Stage.

B. Kt.

HOld, hold,
Is the blacke Biſhops pawne, the Ieſuite
Planted for his conſecration?

B. B. p. Ecce triumphanti, Me ſecum Cæſaris Arte.

B. Kt. Art there (my holy boy) ſirah, Biſhop Tumbrle is ſnapt ith' Bag by this time.

B. B. p. Heretici pereant ſic.

B. Kt. All Latin: Sure the Oration hath infected him: Away, away make haſt: they are comming.

Enter B. Ki. Q. D. and B. Kt. with Pawnes, meeting the W. Kt. and Duke: the blacke Biſhops pawne from aboue, entertaines him with this Latin Oration.

B. B. p. Si quid mortalibus, vnquam oculis hilarem
Et gratum aperuit diem: Si quid permanentibus
Amicorum Animis gaudium attulit perpetuò
Letitiam (Eques candidiſſime) pralucentiſſime,
Falicem profectò tuum a Domo Candoris ad Domum
Nigritudinis Acceſſum promiſiſſe, peperiſſe, attuliſſe fatemur:
Omnes aduentú Tui Conflagrantiſſimi, omni qui
Poſſumus letitia, Gaudio, Congratulatione, Acclamatione
Animis obſeruantiſſimis, Affectibus deuotiſſimis, obſequijs
Venerabundis Te Soſpitim congratulamur?

B. Ki. (Sir) in this ſhort congratulatory ſpeech, You may conceiue how the whole Houſe affects you.

B. Kt. The Colledges and Sanctimonious ſeed plots.

W. Ki. 'Tis cleare and ſo acknowledged royall (Sir.)

B. Ki. What Honors, Pleaſures, Rarities, Delights
Your noble thought can thinke.

B. Q. Your faire eye fix on
That's comprehended in the ſpacious circuit
Of our blacke Kingdome, they are your ſeruants all.

W. Kt. How amply you indeere vs?

W. D. They are fauours that equally inrich the Royall Giuer.
As the receiuer in the free donation.

Muſicke: An Altar is diſcouered with Tapers, and Images ſtanding on each ſide.

B. Kt. Harke,
To enlarge your welcome; from all parts
Is heard ſweet-ſounding aires, abſtruſe things
Open of voluntary freenes: And yond Altar,
The ſeate of adoration, ſeemes t'adore,
The vertues you bring with you.

W. Kt. Ther's a taſte of the old veſſell ſtill.

W. D. The erronious relliſh.

Song.

Wonder works ſome ſtrange delight
(This place was neuer yet without)
To welcome thee the faire White Houſe Knight,
And to bring our hopes about,
Aday from the Altar Flames aſpire,
Thoſe Tapers ſet themſelues on fire.
May ſenſeleſſe things our ioyes approoue, *The Images*
And thoſe braz'en Statues moone: *moone in a*
Quickned by ſome Power aboue, *Dounce.*
Or what more ſtrange to ſhew our Loue.

B. Kt. A happy Omen waytes vpon this houre,
All moue portentuouſly the Right-hand way.

B. Ki. Come let's ſet free all moſt choyſe delights,
That euer adorn'd Dayes or quickn'd Nights. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter White Q. p. and the Blacke B. p. the Ieſuit in his reuerend Habit meeting them.

W. Q. p. I ſee t'was but a triall of my duty now,
Has a more modeſt minde, and in that vertue
Moſt worthely hath Fate prouided for me,
Hah! ti's the bad-man in the Reuerend habit,
Dares he be ſeene agen? Traytor to Holineſſe,
Oh marble fronted Impudence, and knowes,
How ill 'has vs'd? I'me aſham'd he bluſhes not,

B. B. p. Are you yet ſtoard with any womans pitty?
Are you the Miſtris of ſo much Deuotion?
Kindneſſe, and Charity? as to beſtow
An Almes of Loue on your poore ſufferer yet
For your ſake onely?

W. Q. p. (Sir) for the reuerend reſpect you ought
To giue to Sanctity (though none to me)
In being her ſeruant vow'd, and weare her liuery,
(If I might counſell) you ſhould neuer ſpeake,
The language of vnchaſtity in that habit:
You will not thinke how ill it do's with you,
The world's a ſtage on which all parts are played,
You'd thinke it moſt abſurd to ſee a Diuell
Preſented there not in a Diuells ſhape,
Or wanting one, to ſend him out in yours,
You'd rayle at that for an abſurdity,
No Colledge ere committed, for Decorum ſake then
For pitties cauſe, for ſacred vertues honor,
If you'l perſiſt ſtill in your diuliſh part,
Preſent him as you ſhould, and let one
That carryes vp the goodneſſe of the play,
Come in that habit: and Ile ſpeake with him,
Then will the parts be fitted, and the ſpectators
Know which is which, they muſt haue cunning iudgments,
To finde it elſe, for ſuch a one as you
Is able to deceiue a mighty Auditory.

Nay thoſe you haue ſeduc't (if there be any
In the aſſembly) if they ſee what manner
You play the Game with me, they cannot loue you.
Is there ſo little hope of you to ſmile (ſir)
B.B.p. Yes at your feares, at th'ignorance of your power
The little vſe you make of time (youths fortune)
Knowing you haue a Husband for luſts ſhelter,
You dare not yet make bold with a friends comfort:
This is the plagne of weaknes.
W.Q.p. So hot burning?
The ſiliables of ſinne, flie from his lipps,
As if the letter came new caſt from Hell.
B.B.p. Well ſetting aſide the diſh you loue ſo much,
(Which hath bin heartily taſted by your betters)
I come to marry you to the gentleman
That laſt inioyd you, I hope that pleaſeth you.
Ther's no immodeſt reliſh in that office.
W.Q.p. Strange of all men he ſhould light on him,
To tye that holy knote that ſought to vndoe me,
Were you requeſted to performe that buſines (ſir)
B.B.p. I name you a ſure toaken.
W.Q.p. As for that (ſir)
Now you're moſt welcom, and my faire hopes of you
You'ld neuer breake the ſacred knote you tyde once,
With any lewd ſolicitings hereafter.
B.B.p. But all the crafts in getting of it knit,
You are all one fire to make your couſning market,
I am the marrier and the man, do you know me?
Do you know me nice Iniquity? ſtrict luxurie?
And holy whoredome, I would clap on marriage
With all hot ſpeede to ſolder vp the Game?
So what a ſtrong Fate hath prouided for thee,
You were a maid, ſweare ſtill you'r no worſe now:
I left you as I found you, haue I ſtartled you?
I'me quit with you now for my diſcouery,

Your outcries and your Cunning, farwel brookage

W. Q. p. Nay ſtay, and heare me but giue thankes a
Little (if your eare can endure a worke ſo gracious,
Then you may take your pleaſure.

B. B. p. I haue done that.

W. Q. p. That power that hath preſerued me from this diuell

B. B. p. How?

W. *Q. p.* This that may challenge the chiefe chaire in Hell,
And ſit aboue his Maſter.

B. *B. p* Bring in Merrit.

W. *Q. p* .That ſuffereſt him through blinde luſt to be led laſt
night, to the action of ſome common bed.

B. Q. p. Not ouer common neither. *Black Queenes p. within.*

B. *B. p.* Hah what voice is that?

W. *Q. p.* Of virgins be thou euer honored,
Now you may goe, you heare I've giuen thanks (Sir)

B. *B p.* Here is a ſtrange Game indeed, did not I lie with you.

B. *Q p* No. *within*

B. *B. p.* What a diuell art thou?

B. *Q p.* I will not anſwer you (Sir)
after thankes-giuing.

B. *B. p* You made promiſe to me
After the Contract.

B. *Q p.* Yes. *Within*

B. *B. p.* Miſchiefe confound thee
I ſpeake not to thee: and you were prepared for't
And ſet your loyes more heigh.

B. *Q. p.* Then you could reach (Sir) *Within*

B. *B. p.* This is ſome bawdy Pile ſlit the throat on't.

B. Q. p. What me your bedfellow. *Enter Blacke*
To one that workes ſo kindly without rape. *Q. p*

B. *B. p.* My bedfellow?

B. *Q p.* Do you plant your ſcorne againſt me?
Why, when I was *Probationer* at *Bruxells.*

That

That Engine was not knowne; then Adoration
Fild the place, and wonder was in faſhion.
Is't turn'd to the wilde ſeede of contempt ſo ſoone?
Can 5 yeares ſtamp a baud? pray looke vpon me (ſir)
I'me youth enough to take it, 'tis no longer,
Since you were chiefe agent for the tranſportation
Of Ladies Daughters, if you be remembred,
Some of their portions I could name, you purſ'd em too
They were ſoone diſpoſſeſt of worldly cares,
That came into your fingers.

B.*B.p* Shall I heare her?

B.*Q.p*. Holy diriſion yes, till thy eares ſwell
With thy owne venome, thy prophaine lifes vomit:
Whoſe Neice was ſhe you poyſond with child twice,
And gaue her out poſſeſs'd with a foule Spirit
When t'was indeed your Baſtard?

B.*B.p*. I am taken *Enter White Biſhops Pawne.*
In mine owne toyles.

*W.*B.*p*. Yes, and t'is iuſt you ſhould be.

W. *Q. p*. And thou lewd *Pawne*, the ſhame of Womanhood.

B.*B. p*. I'me loſt of all hands.

B. Q. p. I connot feele
The weight of my affection: now hee's taken,
It hath not the burthen of a Graſſehopper. *Enter B.*

B.*B. p*. Thou whore of order, cockatrice in *Veto*. *Kt. p*.

B.*Kt p*. Yonder's the Whit Biſhops pawne, Ile play at's heart

W. Q p. Oh bloody vilain, would'ſt thou heape a mur- (now
On thy firſt foule offences? O merciles bloodhound (der,
'Tis time that thou wert taken.

B.*K. p* Death preuented.

W. *Q. p*. For thy ſake, and that partner in thy ſhame,
Ile neuer know man further then by Name. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Blacke King, Queene, Duke and Blacke Knight, white Knight, and white Duke.

W. Kt. You haue enricht my knowledge royall (ſir)
And my content together.

B. Kt. Steed of royot,
We ſet you onely welcome, ſurfeit is
A thing that's ſildome heard of in theſe parts.

W. Kt. I heare of the more vertue when I miſſe on't.

B. Kt. We do not vſe to bury in our bellies,
Two hundreth thouſand duckets, and then boaſt on't:
Or exerciſe the old Romaine painefull idleneſſe,
With care of fetching fiſhes farre from home,
The golden headed Coracine out of Egypt:
The Salpa from Ebuſis, or the Pelamis,
Which ſome call ſummer whiting from Calcedon:
Salmons from Aquitayne, Helops from Rhodes:
Cockles from Chyos, franckt and ſalted vp,
With Far and Sapa flower, and cockted wine,
We cram no birds nor Epicurian like,
Encloſe ſome creekes oth' ſea, as Sergius Crata did,
Hee, that inuented the firſt ſtewes for Oyſters,
And other ſea fiſh? who beſides the pleaſure of his
Owne throate, got large reuenewes by the inuention,
Whoſe fat example the nobility followed;
Nor do we immitate that Arch Gormandizer,
With twenty two courſes at a Dinner;
And betwixt euery courſe, hee and his gueſſe
Waſht, and vſ'd women, then ſat down and ſtrengthn'd:
Luſt ſwimming in their diſhes, which no ſooner
Was taſted, but was ready to be vented.

W. Kt. Moſt impious Epicures.

B. Kt. We commend rather
Of two extreames the parſimonie of Pertinax,
Who had halfe Lettices ſet vp to ſerue againe,
Or his ſucceſſor Iulian, that would make

Three meales of a leane Hare, and after ſup
With a greene fig, and wipe his beard (as we can)
The old bewaylers of exceſſe, in thoſe dayes
Complain'd there were more coyne bid for a
Cooke then for a Warre-horſe; but now Cookes are
Purchaſed after the rate of Tryumphant, and ſome
Diſhes after the rate of Cookes, which muſt needs
Make ſome of th'white houſe gormandizers, eſpecially
Your welthy plump Plebians, like the Hogges
Which *Scaliger* cites, that could not mooue for fat,
So inſenſible of either pricke or goade,
That Mice made holes to needle in their buttockes,
And they nere felt em: There was once a Ruler
Cyrenus Gouernour choackt with his owne paunch,
Which death, fat *Sanctius* King of *Caſtile*, fearing
Through his infinite maſſe of belly, rather choſe
To be kild ſuddainly, by a pernicious herbe
Taken to make him leane, which old *Cordeba*
King of *Morocco* counſelled his feare too,
Then hee would hazard to be ſtung to death,
As that huge Cormorant that was choakt before him.

W. Ki. Well you are as ſound a ſpoakes-man for parſimony,
And cleare abſtinance, and ſcarce one meale a day,
As euer ſpake with tongue.

B. Ki. Cenſure him mildly (ſir) 'twas but to find diſcourſe.

B. *Q.* Hee'le talke of any thing.

W. Ki. I ſhall be halfe a fraide to feede hereafter.

W. D. Or I beſhrew my heart: for I feare fatneſſe,
The fogge of fatneſſe as I feare a Dragon:
The comlineſſe I wiſh for, that's as glorious

W. Ki. Your courſe is wondrous ſtrict: I ſhould tranſgreſſe (ſir)
Were I to change my ſide (as you haue much wrought me.)

B. Ki. How you miſprize? tis not ment to you-ward:
You that are wound vp to the height of feeding,
By clime and cuſtome are diſpenc'd withall,

You

You may eate Kid, Cabrito, Calfe, and Ton's:
Eate, and eate euery day, twice if you pleaſe.
Nay, the frank'd hen, fatted with Milke and Corne,
A ryot which the Inhabitants of *Delos*
Were firſt inventers of: or the cramb'd Cockle.
W. Kt. Well for the foode I'me happily reſolued in;
But for the dyet of my diſpoſition,
There comes a trouble you will hardly finde
Food to pleaſe that.
B. Kt. It muſt be a ſtrange nature,
VVe cannot finde a diſh for't, hauing *Poliey*
(The Maiſter-Cooke of Chriſtendome) to dreſſe it.
Pray name your natures dyet.
W. Kt. The firſt meſſe, is hot Ambition.
B. *Kt.* That's but ſerv'd in puff-paſte:
Alas, the meaneſt of our Cardinalls Cookes
Can dreſſe that dinner: Your Ambition (ſir)
Can fetch no further compaſſe then the World?
W. Kt. Thats certaine (Sir.)
B. *Kt.* Wee are about that already,
And in the large feaſt of our vaſt Ambition,
VVe count but the white Kingdome (whence you came from)
The Garden for our Cooke, to picke his Sallads:
The food's leane *France* larded with *Germany*;
Before which comes the Graue, chaſt Signiory
Of *Venice*, ſeru'd in (Capon-like) in VVhite-broth:
From our chiefe Oven *Italy* the Bake-meates:
Savoy the Salte: *Genena* the chip'd Manchet.
Below the Salte, the *Netherlands* are plac'd;
A comuon diſh at lower end a'th table,
For meaner pride to fall too. For our ſecond courſe,
A ſpit of *Portugals* ſeru'd in for Plouers:
Indians and *Moores* for blacke-birds: all this while
Holland ſtands ready melted to make ſawce,
On all occaſions, when the Voyder comes;

And with ſuch cheare our full hopes wee ſuffice;
Zealand ſaies grace, for faſhion then wee riſe.

W. Kt. Heere's meate enough in conſcience for ambition.

B. *Kt.* If there be any want there's *Swiſſerland*,
Polonia, and ſuch pickled things will ſerue
To furniſh out the table.

W. Kt. You ſay well (ſir.)
But here's the miſery, when I ha ſtopt the mouth
Of one vice, ther's another ſtands gaping for food:
I'me as couetous as a barren wombe,
The graue, or what's more rauenous?

B. Kt. Wee're for you (ſir)
Call you that hanouſneſſe, that's good husbandry,
Why when we make money of our faith, our prayers,
We make the very death bed buy her comforts
Moſt dearely pay for all her pious Councells,
Leaue rich reuenewes for a few weake orizons:
Or elſe they paſſe vnreconciled without em,
Did you but view the vaults within our Moniſteries,
You'de ſweare then Pluto (whom the fiction calls)
The Lord of riches, were entomb'd there.

W. Kt. Is't poſſible.

B. D. You cannot walke for Tuns.

W. D. But how ſhall I beſtow the vice I bring, ſir,
You quite forget me, I ſhall be ſhut out,
By your ſtrickt key of life.

B. Kt. Is yours ſo vilde (Sir.)

W. D. Some that are pleaſ'd to make a wanton on't,
Call it infirmity of blood, fleſh frailty;
But certaine there's a worſe name in your booke for't,

B. Kt. The trifle of all vices, the meere innocent,
The very nouice of this houſe of clay, verily
If I but hug thee hard, I ſhew the worſt on't,
Tis all the fruite we haue here after ſupper:
Nay, at the ruines of a Nunnery once,

Six thouſand Infants heads found in a fiſh-pond.

VV. D. How?

B. Kt. I, how? how came they thither thinke you?
Huldricke Biſhop of *Ausberge* in's Epiſtle
To *Nicholas* the firſt, can tell you how,
(May be hee was at cleanſing of the pond)
I can but ſmile to thinke, how it would puzzle
All mother maides that euer liued in thoſe parts,
To know their owne childes head; but is this all?

B. D. Are you ours yet?

VV. Kt. One more, and I am ſilenc'ſt:
But this that comes now will diuide vs queſtionleſſe
Tis ten times, ten times, worſe then the fore-runners.

B. Kt. Is it ſo vilde, there is no name ordain'd for't?
Toads haue their titles, and creation gaue
Serpents, and Adders thoſe names to be knowne by.

VV. Kt. This of all others beares the hidden'ſt poyſon,
The ſmootheſt venome, I am an Arch-diſſembler.

B. Kt. How.

W. Kt. Tis my natures brain turne from me (ſir,)
The time is yet to come, that ere I ſpoake
What my heart meant.

B. Kt. And call you that a vice:
Auoide all prophanation, I beſeech you;
The onely prime-ſtate vertue vppon earth,
The policy of Empires, oh take heede (Sir)
For feare it take diſpleaſure and forſake you,
Tis a Iewell of that precious vallue,
Whoſe worth's not known, but to the skilful Lapidary
The inſtrument that picks ope Princes hearts,
And lockes vp ours from them, with the ſame motion:
You neuer came ſo neere our ſoules till now.

B. D. Now you're a brother to vs.

B. Kt. What we haue done, has bin diſſemblance euer.

VV. Kt. There you lye then:

And the Games ours, wee giue the checke mate
By diſcouery, King the nobleſt mate of all.
B. Kt. I'me loſt, I'me taken. *A great ſhout and flourish.*
W. Kt. Ambitious, couetous, luxurious falſhood.
W. D. Diſſembler, that includes all.
B. Kt. All hopes confounded.
B. Q. Miſerable condition.
Enter W. King, W. Queene with their Pawnes.
W. Kt. Oh let my armes be bleſt,
With this deare treaſure,
Truths glorious Maſter-peece, ſee Queene of ſweetnes
He's in my boſome ſafe, and this faire Structure
Of comely honor, his true bleſt aſſiſtant.
W. Q. May their Integrities euer poſſeſſe
That powerfull Sanctuarie.
W. Kt. As 'twas a Game (Sir)
Won with much hazard, ſo with much more triumph,
I gaue him checke mate by diſcouery (ſir.)
W. Kt. Obſcurity is now the fitteſt fauour
Falſhood can ſue for: it well ſuites Perdition,
Tis their beſt courſe that ſo hath loſt their fame,
To put their heads into the Bagge for ſhame;
And there behold the Bags mouth (like hell) opens *The Bag opens, the B. B. ſlides in it.*
To take her due; and the loſt ſonnes appeare,
Greedily gaping for increaſe of fellowſhip
In infamy, the laſt deſire of wretches
Aduancing their perdition, branded fore-heads
Like Enuies iſſue, or a bed of Snakes.
B. B. p. 'Tis too apparent the Game's loſt, King taken.
F. B. The white Houſe has giuen vs the Bag (I thanke 'em)
Ieſt. p. They'd neede haue giuen you a whole bag
By your ſelfe,
Sfoot this blacke Biſhop has ſo ouer laid me,
So ſquelch'd and ſqueaſde mee, I haue no Verjuce
Left in me, you ſhall find all my goodneſſe if you

Looke

Looke for't in the bottome of the Bagge.

F. B. Thou Male-part Pawne,
The Biſhop muſt haue roome, he will haue roome,
And roome to lie at pleaſure.

Ieſt. p. All the Bagge I thinke
Is roome too little for your Spalletto paunch.

B. B. p. Downe viper of our Order, I abhorre thee,
Thou't ſhew thy whoriſh front.

B. Q. p. Yes, monſter Holineſſe.

VV. Kt. Contention in the bag? is hell deuided.

VV. Ki. You'd need haue ſome of Maieſty and Power,
To keepe good rule amongſt you, make roome Biſhop.

F. B. I am not eaſily moued, when I'me once ſet,
I ſcorne to ſtirre for any King on earth.

VV. Q. Here comes the Queene, what ſay you then to her?

F. B. Indeede a Queene may make a Biſhop ſtirre.

VV. Kt. Roome for the greateſt Machiauill Polititian,
That the ere Diuell hatch'd of a Nuns-egge.

F. B. He'le picke a hole in the bagge, and get out ſhortly:
I'me ſure to be the laſt man that creepes out;
And thats the miſery of greatneſſe euer.

VV. D. Roome for a ſun-burn'd, Tanzy fac'd belou'd,
An Oliue coloured *Ganimed*; and thats all
Thats worth the bagging.

F. B. Crowd in all you can,
The Biſhop will be ſtill vppermoſt man
Mauger King, Queene, or Polititian.

VV. Ki. So let the Bagge cloſe now (the fitteſt wombe
For Treachery, Pride and Falſhood, whilſt we winner like)
Deſtroying through Heauens power, what would deſtroy;
Welcome our white Knight with loud peales of Ioy.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

MY Miſtreſſe (the White Queene) hath ſent me forth,
And bad me bow thus low, to all of Worth,
That are true Friends of the White Houſe and Cauſe,
Which She hopes moſt of this aſſembly drawes:
For any elſe, by Envies marke deuoted,
To thoſe night-Glow-wormes in the Bagge denoted;
Where ere they ſit, ſtand, or in priuate lurke,
They'le be ſoone knowne by their depraying worke:
But She's aſſur'd, what they'le commit to bayne,
Her white Friends hands will build vp faire againe.

FINIS.

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